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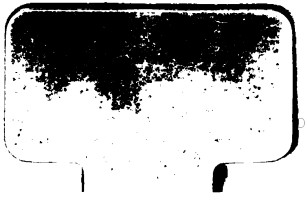

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Robert Southwell.

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MARIE MAGDALEN'S

FUNERALL TEARES

FOR THE

Death of our Saviour.

"Say unto wisdom, thou art my Sister, and call understanding thy Kinswoman."

RE-PRINTED FOR CHARLES BALDWYN,

LONDON.

1823.

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THE LIFE OF

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

From the "Retrospective Review."

THE pious author of these volumes was one of the many victims sacrificed to the intolerant spirit which characterised the early stages of the Reformation.

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Robert Southwell was a Catholic, and, what was still more criminal in the eyes of the English Government in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he was a Jesuit. He was born about the year 1562, of a respectable Catholic family, at St. Faith's, in Norfolk, and was, at an early age, sent to the English College at Douay, for education. From Douay he went to Rome, and, at the age of sixteen, was received into the order of the society of Jesus. Having finished his noviciate, and gone through his course of philosophy and divinity with great credit, he was made Prefect of the studies of the English College at Rome. In 1584, he was sent as a missionary Priest into his native country, having, as he says, travelled

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far and brought home a freight of spiritual substance to enrich his friends, and medicinable receipts against their ghostly maladies. Father Southwell continued in England, labouring diligently in his function until the year 1589, when he was apprehended in a gentleman's house at Uxenden, in Middlesex, and committed to a dungeon in the tower, so noisome and filthy, that when he was brought out for examination, his clothes were covered with vermin. Upon this, his father presented a petition to Queen Elizabeth, begging, that if his son had committed any thing for which, by the laws, he had deserved death, he might suffer death; if not, as he was a gentleman, he hoped Her Majesty

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would be pleased to order that he should be treated as a gentleman. The Queen was graciously pleased to listen to this prayer, and ordered that Southwell should have a better lodging, and that his father should have permission to supply him with clothes and other necessaries, together with the books he asked for, which were only the Bible, and the works of Saint Bernard. For three years was he kept in prison, and what was worse for himself and more disgraceful to the government, it is said, he was put to the rack ten several times.

Wearied out with torture and solitary imprisonment, he at length applied to the Lord Treasurer Cecil, that he might either be brought to

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trial, to answer for himself, or, at least, that his friends might have leave to come and see him. To this application, if we are to believe the account of the Latin manuscript, which was formerly deposited in the archives of the English College at St. Omers, and of which a translation is given in *Challoner's Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, the Lord Treasurer answered, "that if he was in so much haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire." Shortly after this he was removed from the Tower to Newgate, where he was put down into the dungeon called limbo, and there kept for three days.

On the 20th of February, he was carried to Westminster to take his trial before Lord Chief

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Justice Popham and others. A true bill being found against him, Father Southwell was ordered to the bar, and held up his hand according to custom. On being asked whether he was guilty or not guilty, he answered, "I confess that I was born in England, a subject to the Queen's Majesty; and that, by authority derived from God, I have been promoted to the sacred order of priesthood in the Roman Church," but he denied he had ever entertained any designs against the Queen or kingdom; alleging, that he had no other intention, in returning to his native country, than to administer the sacraments, according to the Catholic Church, to such as desired them. The jury were sworn without a single challenge,

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the prisoner observing that they were all equally strangers to him, and, therefore, charity did not allow him to except against one more than another. He was found guilty on his own confession, and being asked if he had any thing more to say why sentence should not be pronounced against him, he replied, "nothing, but from my heart I forgive all who have been any way accessary to my death." The judge having pronounced sentence according to the usual form, Father Southwell made a low bow, returning him thanks as for an unspeakable favour.

The next morning he was drawn through the streets, on a sledge, to Tyburn, where a great concourse of people had assembled to witness his

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execution. He confessed that he was a priest of the society of Jesus, but again denied that he had ever contrived or imagined any evil against the Queen, for whom, and for his country, he offered up his prayers. The cart was then driven away; but the unskilful hangman had not applied the noose to the right place, so that he several times made the sign of the cross, while he was hanging, and was some time before he was strangled. He was afterwards cut down, bowelled, and quartered.

So perished Father Southwell, at thirty-three years of age, and so, unhappily, have perished many of the wise and virtuous of the earth. Conscious of suffering in the supposed best of

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causes, he seems to have met death without terror—to have received the crown of martyrdom not only with resignation but with joy. Indeed, persecution and martyrdom, torture and death, must have been frequent subjects of his contemplation. His brethren of the priesthood were falling around him, and he himself assumed the character of a comforter and encourager to those who remained. Life's uncertainty and the world's vanity—the crimes and follies of humanity, and the consolations and glories of religion, are the constant themes of his writings, both in prose and verse; and the kindliness and benignity of his nature, and the moral excellence of his character, are diffused alike over both.

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MARIE MAGDALEN'S

Funerall Teares.

Ieremie, Chap. 6, Vers. 26.

Luctum unigeniti fac tibi planctum amarum.

London:

PRINTED BY I. HAVILAND.

1634.

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TO THE WORSHIPFULL AND VERTUOUS GENTLEWOMAN,

MISTRESSE D. A.

Your virtuous requests, to which your deserts gave the force of a commandement, won mee to satisfie your devotion, in penning some little Discourse of the blessed Marie Magdalene. And among other glorious examples of this Saint's life, I have made choice of her Funerall Teares, *in which as shee most uttered the great*

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vehemency of her fervent love to Christ, so hath shee given therein largest scope to dilate upon the same: a theme pleasing I hope unto yourselfe, and fittest for this time. For as passion, and especially this of love, is in these dayes the chiefe commander of most men's actions, and the idol to which both tongues and pennes doe sacrifice their ill bestowed labours: so is there nothing now more needful to bee intreated, than how to direct these humours unto their due courses, and to draw this floud of affections into the right channell. Passions I allow, and loves I approve, only I would wish that men would alter their object, and better their intent. For passions being sequels of our nature, and allotted unto us, as

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the handmaids of reason, there can bee no doubt, but as their authour is good, and their end godly; so their use, tempered in the meane, implieth no offence. Love is but the infancie of true charitie, yet sucking Nature's teat, and swathed in her bands, which then groweth to perfection, when faith, besides naturall motives, proposeth higher and nobler grounds of amitie. Hatred and anger are the necessarie officers of prowesse and justice, courage being cold and dull, and justice in due revenge slacke and carelesse, where hate of the fault doth not make it odious, and anger setteth not an edge on the sword that punisheth or preventeth wronge. Desire and hope are the parents of diligence and industrie, the

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nurses of perseverance and constancie, the seeds of valour and magnanimitie, the death of sloath, and the breath of all vertue. Feare and dislikes are the scouts of discretion, the harbingers of wisdom and policie, killing idle repentance in the cradle, and curbing rashnesse with deliberation. Audacitie is the armor of strength, and the guide of glory, breaking the ice to the hardest exploits, and crowning valour with honourable victorie.

Sorrow is the sister of mercie, and a waker of compassion, weeping with others' teares, and grieved with their harmes. It is both the salve and smart of sinne, curing that which it chastiseth with true remorse, and preventing need of new cure with the detestation of the disease. De-

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spaire of the successe is a bit against evill attempts, and the hearse of idle hopes, ending endlesse things in their first motion to begin. True joy is the rest and reward of vertue, seasoning difficulties with delight, and giving a present assay of future happinesse. Finally, there is no passion but hath a serviceable use, either in pursuit of good, or avoidance of evill, and they are all benefits of God, and helpes of nature, so long as they are kept under vertue's correction.

But as too much of the best is evill, and excesse in virtue, vice; so passions let loose without limits, are imperfections, nothing being good that wanteth measure. And as the sea is unfit for trafficke, not only when the windes are

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too boysterous, but also when they are too still, and a middle gale and motion of the waves serveth best the sayler's purpose; so neither too stormie, nor too calme a minde giveth vertue the first course, but a middle temper betweene them both, in which the well ordered passions are wrought to prosecute, not suffered to pervert any vertuous endeavour. Such were the passions of this holy Saint, which were not guides to reason, but attendants upon it, and commanded by such a love as could never exceed, because the thing loved was of infinite perfection. And if her weaknesse of faith, (an infirmitie then common to all Christ's disciples) did suffer her understanding to bee deceived, yet was her will so settled in a

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most sincere and perfect love, that it led all her passions with the same byas, recompensing the want of beleefe, with the strange effects of an excellent charitie. This love and these passions are the subject of this discourse, which though it reach not to the dignitie of Marie's deserts, yet shall I thinke my endeavours well appaid, if it may but wooe some skillfuller pens from unworthy labours, either to supply in this matter my want of ability, or in other of like pietie, (whereof the Scripture is full) to exercise their happier talents. I know that none can express a passion that hee feeleth not, neither doth the pen deliver but what it copieth out of the mind. And therefore the finest wits are now given to write pas-

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sionate discourses, I would wish them to make choice of such passions, as it neither should be shame to utter, nor sinne to feele.

But whether my wishes in this behalfe take effect or not, I reape at the least this reward of my paine, that I have shewed my desire to answer your courtesie, and set forth the due praises of this glorious Saint.

Your loving friend

R. S.

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TO THE READER.

Many, suiting their labours to the popular vane, and guided by the gale of vulgar breath, have divulged divers patheticall discourses, in which if they had shewed as much care to profit, as they have done desire to please, their workes would much more have honoured their names, and availed the reader. But it is a just complaint among the better sort of persons, that the finest wits lose themselves in the vainest follies,

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spilling much art in some idle fancie, and leaving their workes as witnesses how long they have beene in travell, to be in fine delivered of a fable. And sure it is a thing greatly to bee lamented, that men of so high conceit should so much abase their abilities, that when they have racked them to the uttermost endeavour, all the praise that they reape of their imploiment, consisteth in this, that they have wisely told a foolish tale, and carried a long lie very smoothly to the end. Yet this inconvenience might finde some excuse, if the drift of their discourse levelled at any vertuous mark. For in fables are often figured morall truths, and that covertly uttered to a common good, which without a maske would not finde so

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free a passage. But when the substance of the work hath neither truth nor probability, nor the purport thereof tendeth to any honest end, the writer is rather to be pitied than praised, and his books fitter for the fire than for the presse. This common oversight more have observed, than endeavoured to salve, every one being able to reprove, none willing to redresse such faults, authorized especially by generall custome. And though if necessitie (the lawlesse patrone of inforced actions) had no more prevailed than choice, this worke of so different a subject from the usual veine should have been no eye-sore to those that are pleased with worse matters.

Yet sith the copies thereof flew so fast, and so

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false abroad, that it was in daunger to come corrupted to the print; it seemed a lesse evill to let it flie to common view in the native plume, and with the own wings, than disguised in a coat of a bastard feather, or cast off from the fist of such a corrector, as might happily have perished the sound, and stucke in some sick and sorry feathers of his own phansies. It may be that courteous skill will reckon this, though coarse in respect of other exquisite labours, not unfit to entertain well tempered humours both with pleasure and profit, the ground thereof being in scripture, and the form of enlarging it, an imitation of the ancient doctours in the same and other points of like tenour. This commoditie at the

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least it will carry with it, that the reader may learn to love without improof of purity, and teach his thoughts either to temper passion in the meane, or to give the bridle only where the excesse cannot be faulty. Let the work defend itself, and every one pass his censure as he seeth cause. Many carpes are expected when curious eyes come a fishing. But the care is already taken, and patience waiteth at the table, ready to take away, when that dish is served in, and make room for others to set on the desired fruit.

R. S.

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MARY MAGDALEN'S

Funeral Tears.

AMONGST other mournful accidents of the Passion of Christ, that love presenteth itself unto my memory, with which the blessed Mary Magdalen, loving our Lord more than her life, followed him in his journey to his death, attending upon him when his disciples fled, and being more willing to die with him, than they to live without him. But not finding the favour to

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accompany him in death, and loathing after him to remain in life, the fire of her true affection inflamed her hart, and her inflamed hart resolved into uncessant teares: so that burning and bathing in love and griefe, she led a life ever dying, and felt a death never ending. And when he by whom she lived was dead, and she for whom he died inforcedly left alive, she praised the dead more than the living, and having lost that light of her life, she desired to dwell in darkness, and in the shadow of death; choosing Christ's tomb for her best home, and his corse for her chief comfort. For *Mary* (as the Evangelist saith) *stood without, at the tomb, weeping.*

But (alas) how unfortunate is this woman, to

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whom neither life will afford a desired farewell nor death allow any wished welcome? She hath abandoned the living, and chosen the company of the dead, and now it seemeth that even the dead have forsaken her, sith the corse she seeketh is taken away from her. And this was the cause that love induced her to stand, and sorrow inforced her to weep. Her eye was watchful to seek whom her hart most longed to enjoy, and her foot in readiness to runne if her eye should chaunce to espie him. And therefore she standeth to be still stirring, prest to watch every way, and prepared to go whither any hope should call her. But she wept because she had such occasion of standing, and that which moved her to

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watch was the motive of her teares. For as she watched to find whom she had lost, so she wept for having lost whom she loved, her poor eyes being troubled at once with two contrary offices, both to be cleare in sight the better to seeke him, and yet cloudy with teares for missing the sight of him.

Yet was not this the entrance but the encrease of her grief, not the beginning but the renewing of her moane. For first she mourned for the departing of his soule out of his body, and now she lamented the taking of his body out of his grave, being punished with two wreckes of her only wellfare, both full of misery, but the last without all comfort. The first original of her sorrow

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grew because she could not enjoy him alive: yet this sorrow had some solace, for that she hoped to have enjoyed him dead.

But when she considered that his life was already lost, and now not so much as his body could be found, she was wholly daunted with dismay, sith this unhappines admitted no help. She doubted least the love of her Maister (the only portion that fortune had left her) would soon languish in her cold breast if it neither had his words to kindle it, nor his presence to cherish it, nor so much as his dead ashes to rake it up. She had prepared her spices and provided her ointments to pay him the last tribute of eternall duties. And though St. Joseph and Nicodemus

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had already bestowed a hundred pounds of myrrh and aloes which was in quantity sufficient, in quality the best, and as well applied as art and devotion could devise: yet such was her love, that she would have thought any quantity too little, except her's had been added, the best in quality too mean except her's were with it, and no diligence in applying it enough, except her service were in it. Not that she was sharp in censuring that which others had done, but because love made her so desirous to do all herselfe, that though all had beene done that she could devise, and as well as she could wish, yet unlesse she were an actor, it would not suffice,

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sith love is as eager to be uttered in effect as it is zealous in true affection.

She came therefore now meaning to embalme his corpse as she had before anointed his feet, and to preserve the reliques of his body, as the only remnant of all blisse. And as in the spring of her felicity she had washed his feet with her teares, bewailing unto him the death of her owne soule: so now she came in the depth of her misery, to shedd them fresh for the death of his body. But when she saw the grave open, and the body taken out, the labour of embalming was prevented, but the cause of her weeping increased, and he that was wanting to her obsequies, was not wanting to her teares, and though she

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found not whom to annoint, yet found she whom to lament.

And not without cause did Marie complaine, finding her first anguish doubled with a second griefe, and being surcharged with two most violent sorrowes in one afflicted heart. For having settled her whole affection upon Christ, and summed all her desires and wishes into the love of his goodnesse, as nothing could equall his worth; so was there not in the whole world, either a greater benefit for her to enjoy than himselfe, or any greater dammage possible than his losse.

The murdering in his owne death the life of all lives, left a generall death in all living crea-

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tures, and his decease not only disrobed our nature of her most royall ornaments, but impoverished the world of all highest perfections. What marvell therefore though her vehement love to so lovely a Lord, being after the wrecke of his life, now also deprived of his dead body, feele as bitter pangs for his losse, as before it tasted joyes in his presence, and open as large an issue to teares of sorrow, as ever heretofore to teares of contentment? And though teares were rather oile than water to her flame, apter to nourish than diminish her griefe: yet now being plunged in the depth of paine, shee yeelded herselfe captive to all discomfort, carrying an overthrowne minde in a more enfeebled body, and still busie

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in devising, but ever doubtfull in defining what shee might best doe. For what could a silly woman do but weepe, that floating in a sea of cares, found neither eare to heare her, nor tongue to direct her, nor hand to helpe her, nor heart to pity her in her desolate case? True it is, that Peter and John came with her to the tombe, and to make triall of her report were both within it: but as they were speedy in comming, and diligent in searching, so were they as quicke to depart, and fearefull of farther seeking. And alas, what gained shee by their comming, but two witnesses of her losse, two dismayers of her hope, and two patternes of a new despaire? Love moved them to come, but their love was

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soone conquered with such feare, that it suffered them not to stay. But Mary, hoping in despaire, and persevering in hope, stood without feare, because shee now thought nothing left that ought to bee feared. For shee hath lost her Master, to whom shee was so entirely devoted, that hee was the totall of her loves, the height of her hopes, and the uttermost of her feares, and therefore besides him, shee could neither love other creature, hope for other comfort, nor feare other losse. The worst shee could feare was the death of her body, and that shee rather desired than feared, sith shee had already lost the life of her soule, without which any other life would bee a death, and with which any

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other death would have beene a delight. But now she thought it better to die than to live, because shee might happily dying finde, whom not dying shee looked not to enjoy, and not enjoying she had little will to live. For now shee loved nothing in her life, but her love to Christ: and if any thing did make her willing to live, it was only the unwillingnesse that his image should die with her, whose likeness love had limited in her heart, and treasured up in her sweetest memories. And had she not feared to breake the table and to breake open the closet, to which shee had entrusted this last relique of her lost happinesse, the violence of griefe would have melted her heart into inward bleeding teares, and blotted

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her remembrance with a fatall oblivion. And yet neverthelesse, shee is now in so imperfect a sort alive, that it is proved true in her, that *Love is as strong as death:* For what could death have done more in Mary than love did? Her wits were astonished, and all her senses so amazed, that in the end finding shee did not know, seeing shee could not discerne, hearing shee perceived not, and more than all this, shee was not there where she was, for shee was wholly where her master was; more where shee loved, than where shee lived, and lesse in herselfe than in his body, which notwithstanding where it was shee could not imagine. For shee sought, and as yet shee found not, and therefore stood at the tombe

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weeping for it, being now altogether given to mourning, and driven to misery.

But, O Mary, by whose counsell, upon what hope, or with what heart, couldest thou stand alone, when the Disciples were departed? Thou wert there once before they came, thou turnedst againe at their comming, and yet thou stayest when they are gone. Alas, that thy Lord is not in the tombe, thine own eyes have often seene, the Disciples' hands have felt, the empty Syndon doth avouch, and cannot all this winne thee to beleeve it? No, no; thou wouldest rather condemne thine owne eyes of errour, and both their eyes and hands of deceit, yea, rather suspect all testimonies for untrue, than not looke whom thou

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hast lost, even there, where by no diligence hee could bee found. When thou thinkest of other places, and canst not imagine any so likely as this, thou seekest againe in this, and though never so often sought, it must bee an haunt for hope. For when things dearly affected are lost, love's nature is, never to bee weary of searching even the oftenest searched corners, being more willing to thinke that all the senses are mistaken, than to yeeld that hope should quaile. Yet now sith it is so evident, that hee is taken away, what should move thee to remaine here where the perill is apparent, and no profit likely? Can the wit of one (and she a woman) wholly possessed with passion, have more light to discerne

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danger, than two wits of two men, and both principall favourites of the parent of all wisdome? Or if (notwithstanding the danger) there had beene just cause to encounter it, were not two together, being both to Christ sworne champions, each to other affected friends, and to all his enemies professed foes, more likely to have prevailed, than one feminine heart, timorous by kinde, and already amazed with this dreadfull accident?

But alas, why doe I urge her with reason, whose reason is altered into love, and that judgeth it folly to follow such reason, as should any way impaire her love? Her thoughts were arrested by every thread of Christ's Sindon, and

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shee was captive to so many prisons, as the tombe had memories of her lost Master: Love being her jaylor in them all, and nothing able to ransome her, but the recovery of her Lord. What marvell then though the Apostles' examples drew her not away, whom so violent a love enforced to remaine, which, prescribing lawes both to wit and will, is guided by no other law but itselfe? Shee could not thinke of any feare, nor stand in feare of any force. Love armed her against all hazards, and being already wounded with the greatest griefe, shee had no leasure to remember any lesser evill. Yea, she had forgotten all things, and herselfe among all things, only mindfull of him whom shee loved above all

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things. And yet her love, by reason of her losse, drowned both her mind and memory so deepe in sorrow, and so busied her wits in the conceit of his absence, that all remembrance of his former promises, was diverted with the throng of present discomforts, and shee seemed to have forgotten also him besides whom shee remembred nothing. For doubtlesse had shee remembred him as shee should, shee would not have now thought the tombe a fit place to seeke him, neither would shee mourne for him as dead, and removed by others' force, but joy in him as revived, and risen by his own power. For hee had often foretold both the manner of his death, and the day of his resurrection. But alas, let her heavinesse ex-

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cuse her, and the unwontednesse of the miracle plead her pardon, sith dread and amazement have dulled her senses, distempered her thoughts, discouraged her hopes, awaked her passions, and left her no other liberty but only to weepe. Shee wept therefore being only able to weepe. *And as shee was weeping, she stooped downe and looked into the monument, and shee saw two angels in white, sitting one at the head, and another at the feet, where the body of Iesus had beene laid. They said unto her, woman! why weepest thou?* Iohn 20.

O Mary, thy good hap exceedeth thy hope, and where thy last sorrow was bred, thy first succour springeth. Thou diddest seeke but one,

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and thou hast found two. A dead body was thy errand, and thou hast lit upon two alive. Thy weeping was for a man, and thy teares have obtained angels. Suppresse now thy sadnesse, and refresh thy heart with this good fortune. These angels invite thee to a parley, they seeme to take pitty of thy case, and it may bee, they have some happy tidings to tell thee. Thou hast hitherto sought in vaine, as one either unseene or unknowne, or at the least unregarded, sith the party thou seekest, neither tendereth thy teares, nor answereth thy cries, nor relenteth with thy lamentings. Either hee doth not heare, or hee will not helpe: hee hath peradventure left to love thee, and is loth to yeeld thee releefe, and

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therefore take such comfort as thou findest, sith thou art not so lucky, as to finde that which thou couldest wish. Remember what they are, where they sit, from whence they come, and to whom they speake. They are angels of peace, neither sent without cause, nor seene but of favour. They sit in the tombe, to shew that they are no strangers to thy losse. They come from heaven, from whence all happy news descendeth. They speake to thyselfe, as though they had some speciall embassage to deliver unto thee. Aske them therefore of thy master, for they are likeliest to returne thee a desired answer. Thou knewest him too well, to thinke that hell hath devoured him: thou hast long sought, and hast

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not found him on earth, and what place so fit for him as to bee in heaven? Aske therefore of those angels that came newly from thence, and it may bee, their report will highly please thee. Or if thou art resolved to continue thy seeking, who can better helpe thee, than they that are as swift as thy thought, as faithfull as thine owne heart, and as loving to thy Lord as thou thyselfe? Take therefore thy good hap, lest it bee taken away from thee, and content thee with angels, sith thy master hath given thee over.

But alas, what meaneth this change, and how happeneth this strange alteration? The time hath beene that fewer teares would have wrought greater effect, shorter seeking have sooner found,

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and lesse paine have procured more pittie. The time hath beene that thy annointing his feet was accepted and praised, thy washing them with teares highly commended, and thy wiping them with thy haire, most courteously construed. How then doth it now fall out, that having brought thy sweet oyles to annoint his whole body, having shed as many teares as would have washed more than his feet, and having not only thy haire, but thy heart ready to serve him, hee is not moved with all these duties, so much as once to affoord thee his sight? Is it not hee that reclaimed thee from thy wandring courses, that dispossessed thee of thy damned inhabitants; and from the wilds of sinne, recovered thee into

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the fold and family of his flock? Was not thy house his home, his love thy life, thyselfe his disciple? Did not hee defend thee against the Pharisie, plead for thee against Iudas, and excuse thee to thy sister? In summe, was not hee thy patron and protector in all thy necessities?

O good Iesu, what hath thus estranged thee from her? thou hast heretofore so pittied her teares, that seeing them, thou couldest not refrain thine. In one of her greatest agonies, for love of her, that so much loved thee, thou didst recall her dead brother to life, turning her complaint into unexpected contentment. And wee know that thou doest not use to alter course

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without cause, nor to chastise without desert. Thou art the first that invitest, and the last that forsakest, never leaving but first left; and ever offering, till thou art refused. How then hath shee forfeited thy favour? or with what trespasse hath shee earned thy ill will? That shee never left to love thee, her heart will depose, her hand will subscribe, her tongue will protest, her teares will testifie, and her seeking doth assure. And alas, is her particular case so farre from example, that thou shouldest rather alter thy nature, than shee better her fortune, and bee to her as thou art to no other? For our parts, since thy last shew of liking towards her, we have found no other fault in her, but that she was the earliest

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up to seeke thee, readiest to annoint thee, and when shee saw that thou wert removed, she forthwith did weepe for thee, and presently went for helpe to finde thee. And whereas those two that shee brought, being lesse carefull of thee than fearefull of themselves, when they had seene what shee had said, sudainly shrunke away, behold shee still stayeth, shee still seeketh, shee still weepeth. If this bee a fault, wee cannot deny, but this shee doth, and to this shee perswadeth; yea, this shee neither meaneth to amend, nor requesteth thee to forgive: if therfore thou reckonest this as punishable, punished shee must bee, sith no excuse hath effect where the fact pleadeth guiltie. But if this import not

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any offence but a true affection, and bee rather a good desire than an evill desert, why art thou so hard a judge to so soft a creature, requiting her love with thy losse, and suspending her hopes in this unhappinesse? Are not those thy words, *I love those that love me, and who watcheth early for me shall finde me?* why then doth not this woman finde thee, that was up so early to watch for thee? Why dost thou not with like repay her, that bestoweth upon thee her whole love, sith thy word is her warrant, and thy promise her due debt? Art thou lesse moved with these teares that shee sheddeth for thee her only Master, than thou wert with those that shee shed before thee for her deceased brother? Or doth her

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love to thy servant more please thee than her love to thyselfe? Our love to others must not bee to them, but to thee in them. For hee loveth thee so much the lesse that loveth any thing with thee. If therefore shee then deserved well for loving thee in another, shee deserved better now, for loving thee in thyselfe: and if indeed thou lovest those that love thee, make thy word good to her, that is so farre in love with thee. Of thyselfe thou hast said, that thou art *the way, the truth, and the life.* If then thou art a way easie to finde and never erring, how doth shee misse thee? If a life giving life and never ending, why is shee ready to dye for thee? If a true promising truth, and never failing, how is

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shee bereaved of thee? For if what thy tongue did speake, thy truth will averre, shee will never aske more to make her most happy. Remember that thou saidst to her sister, that *Mary had chosen the best part, which should not bee taken from her.* That shee chose the best part is out of question, sith shee made choice of nothing but only of thee. But how can it be verified, that this part shall not be taken from her, sith thou, that art this part, art already taken away? If shee could have kept thee, shee would not have lost thee: and had it beene in her power, as it was in her will, shee would never have parted from thee; and might shee now bee restored to thy presence, shee would trie all for-

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tunes rather than forgoe thee. Sith therefore shee seeketh nothing but what shee chose, and the losse of her choice is the only cause of her combat, either vouchsafe thou to keepe this best part that shee chose in her, or I see not how it can bee true, that it shall not bee taken from her. But thy meaning haply was, that though it bee taken from her eyes, yet it should never bee taken from her heart: and it may bee, thy inward presence supplyeth thine outward absence: yet I can hardly thinke, but that if Mary had thee within her, shee could feele it; and if shee felt it, she would never seeke thee. Thou art too hot a fire to bee in her bosome, and not to burne her, and thy light is too great, to leave her minde in this

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darkeness if it shined in her. In true lovers every part is an eye, and every thought a looke, and therefore so sweet an object among so many eyes, and in so great a light, could never lye so hidden but love would espie it. No, no, if Mary had thee, her innocent heart (never taught to dissemble) could not make complaint the outside of a concealed comfort, neither would shee turne her thoughts to pasture in a dead man's tombe, if at home shee might bid them to so heavenly a banquet. Her love would not have a thought to spare, nor a minute to spend in any other action, than in enjoying of thee, whom shee knew too well, to abridge the least part of her from so high an happinesse. For

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her thirst of thy presence was so exceeding; and the sea of thy joyes so well able to afford her a full draught, that though every parcell in her should take in a whole tide of thy delights, shee would thinke them too few to quiet her desires. Yea doubtlesse, if shee had thee within her, shee would not envie the fortune of the richest empresse, yea, shee would more rejoyce to bee thy tombe in earth, than a throne in heaven, and disdaine to bee a saint if shee were worthy to bee but thy shrine.

But peradventure it is now with her mind, as it was with the Apostles' eyes; and as they seeing thee walke upon the sea took thee for a ghost, so shee seeing thee in her heart, deemeth

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thee but a fancy, being yet better acquainted with thy bodily shape than with thy spirituall power.

But O Mary, it seemeth too strange, that hee whom thou seekest, and for whom thou weepest, should thus give thee over to these painfull fits, if in thee hee did not see a cause for which hee will not be seen of thee. Still thy plaint, and stint thy weeping, for I doubt there is some trespasse in thy teares, and some sinne in thy sorrow. Doest thou not remember his words to thee and to other women, when hee said, *daughters of Ierusalem! weepe not for mee, but wepe for yourselves and for your children?* What meanest thou then to continue this course? Doth hee forbid thy teares, and wilt thou not forbeare

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them? Is it no fault to infringe his will, or is not that his will that his words doe import? The fault must bee mended, ere the penance bee released, and therefore either cease to weepe, or never hope to finde. But I know this logicke little pleaseth thee, and I might as soone win thee to forbeare living as to leave weeping.

Thou wilt say, that though he forbad thee to weepe for him, yet he left thee free, to weep for thyselfe, and sith thy love hath made thee one with him, thou weepest but for thyselfe, when thou weepest for him. But I answer thee againe, that because hee is one with thee, and thy weeping for him hath beene forbidden thee, thou canst not weepe for thyselfe, but his words

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will condemne thee. For if thou and he are one, for which soever thou weepest it is all one, and therefore sith for him thou maist not weepe, forbeare all weeping lest it should offend. Yea but (sayst thou) to barre mee from weeping, is to abridge mee of liberty, and restraint of liberty is a penalty, and every penalty supposeth some offence: but an offence it is not to weepe for myselfe, for hee would never command it, if it were not lawfull to do it. The fault therefore must bee, in being one with him, that maketh the weeping for myselfe, a weeping also for him. And if this bee a fault, I will never amend it; and let them that thinke it so, doe penance for it: for my part, sith I have lost my mirth, I

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will make much of my sorrow, and sith I have no joy but in teares, I may lawfully shed them. Neither thinke I his former word a warrant against his latter deed. And what need had hee to weepe upon the Crosse, but for our example, which if it were good for him to give, it cannot be evill for mee to follow? No, no, it is not my weeping that causeth my losse, sith a world of eyes and a sea of teares could not worthily bewaile the misse of such a master.

Yet, since neither thy seeking findeth, nor thy weeping prevaileth, satisfie thyselfe with the sight of angels. Demand the cause of their comming, and the reason of thy Lord's remove, and sith they first offer thee occasion of parley,

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be not thou too dainty of thy discourse. It may bee they can calme thy stormes, and quiet thy unrest, and therefore conceale not from them thy sore, lest thou lose the benefit of their emplaister. But nothing can move Mary to admit comfort, or entertaine any company; for to one alone, and for ever, shee hath vowed herselfe, and except it bee to him, shee will neither lend her eare long to others, nor borrow other's helpe, lest, by the seeking to allay her smarts, shee should lessen her love. But drawing into her mind all pensive conceits, shee museth and pineth in a consuming languor, taking comfort in nothing but in being comfortlesse.'

Alas, (saith shee) small is the light that a-

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starre can yeeld when the sunne is downe, and a sorry exchange to goe gather the crums after the losse of an heavenly repast. My eyes are not used to see by the glimpse of a sparke: and in seeking the sunne, it is either needlesse or bootlesse to borrow the light of a candle, sith either it must bewray itselfe with the selfe light, or no other light can ever discover it. If they come to disburden mee of my heavinesse, their comming will bee burdensome unto mee, and they will load mee more while they labour my reliefe. They cannot perswade mee, that my master is not lost, for my owne eyes will disprove them. They can lesse tell mee where hee may bee found, for they would not bee so simple

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to bee so long from him: or if they can forbeare him, surely they doe not know him, whom none can truly know, and live long without him. All their demurres would bee tedious, and discourses irksome. Impaire my love they might, but appay it they could not, to which hee that first accepted the debt is the only payment. They either want power, will, or leave to tell mee my desire, or at the first word they would have done it, sith angels are not used to idle speeches, and to mee all talke is idle, that doth not tell mee of my master. They know not where he is, and therefore they are come to the place where hee last was, making the tombe their heaven, and the remembrance of his presence the food of

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their felicitie. Whatsoever they could tell mee, if they told mee not of him, and whatsoever they could tell mee of him, if they told mee not where hee were, both their telling and my hearing were but a wasting of time. I neither came to see them, nor desire to heare them. I came not to see angels, but him that made both mee and angels, and to whom I owe more than both to men and angels.

And to thee I appeale, O most loving Lord, whether my afflicted heart doth not truely defray the tribute of an undivided love. To thee I appeale, whether I have joyned any partner with thee, in the small possession of my poore selfe. And I would to God I were as privie where thy

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body is, as thou art, who is only Lord and owner of my soule.

But alas, sweet Iesu, where thou wert thou art not; and where thou art I know not; wretched is the case that I am in, and yet how to better it I cannot imagine. Alas, O my only desire, why hast thou left mee wavering in these uncertainties, and in how wild a maze wander my doubtfull and perplexed thoughts? If I stay here where hee is not, I shall never finde him. If I goe further to seeke, I know not whither. To leave the tombe is a death, and to stand helpelesse by it an uncureable disease, so that all my comfort is now concluded in this, that I am free to chuse whether I will stay without helpe, or goe

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without hope, that is, in effect, with what torment I will end my life. And yet even this were too happy a choice for so unhappy a creature. If I might bee chuser of mine owne death, O how quickly should choice bee made, and how willingly would I runne to that execution? I would bee nailed to the same crosse, with the same nailes, and in the same place: my heart should bee wounded with his speare, my head with his thornes, my body with his whips: Finally, I would taste all his torments, and tread all his embrued and bloudy steps.

But O ambitious thoughts, why gaze you upon so high a felicitie? why thinke you of so glorious a death, that are privie to so infamous a life?

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Death alas I deserve, yea, not one but infinite deaths. But so sweet a death, seasoned with so many comforts, the very instruments whereof were able to raise the deadest corpse, and depure the most defiled soule, were too small a scourge for my great offences. And therefore I am left to feele so many deaths, as I live houres, and to passe as many pangs as I have thoughts of my losse, which are as many as there are minutes, and as violent as if they were all in every one. But sith I can neither die as hee died, nor live where hee lieth dead, I will live out my living death by his grave, and dye on my dying life by his sweet tombe. Better is it after losse of his body to looke to his sepulchre, than after

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the losse of the one, to leave the other to bee destroyed. No, no; though I have been robbed of the Saint, I will at the least have care of the shrine, which though it be spoiled of the most soveraigne host, yet shall it bee the altar where I will daily sacrifice my heart, and offer up my teares.

Here will I ever leade, yea, here do I meane to end my wretched life, that I may at the least bee buried by the tombe of my Lord, and take my iron sleepe neere this couch of stone, which his presence hath made the place of sweetest repose.

It may bee also that this empty syndon lyeth here to no use, and this tombe being open with-

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out any in it, may give occasion to some merci-
full heart, that shall first light upon my unburied
body, to wrap mee in his shroud, and to interre
mee in this tombe.

O too fortunate lot, for so unfortunate a wo-
man to crave: no, no: I do not crave it, for
alas, I dare not, yet if such an oversight should
be committed, I doe now, before hand, forgive
that sinner, and were it no more presumption to
wish it alive, than to suffer it dead, if I knew
the party that should first pass by mee, I would
woo him with my teares, and hire him with my
prayers, to blesse mee with this felicitie. And
though I dare not wish any to doe it, yet this
(without offence) I may say to all, that I love

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this syndon above all clothes in the world, and this tombe I esteeme more than any Prince's monument: yea, and I thinke that corse highly favoured, that shall succeed my Lord in it: and for my part, as I meane that the ground where I stand shall bee my death-bed; so am I not of Iacob's mind, to have my body buried farre from the place where it dyeth, but even in the next and readiest grave, and that as soone as my breath faileth, sith delayes are bootlesse where death hath won possession.

But alas, I dare not say any more, let my body take such fortune as befalleth it: my soule at the least shall dwell in this sweet paradise, and from this brittle case of flesh and blood,

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passe presently into the glorious tombe of God and man.

It is now enwrapped in a masse of corruption, it shall then enjoy a place of high perfection: where it is now, it is more by force than by choice, and like a repining prisoner in a loathed jaile: but there in a little roome it should find perfect rest, and in the prison of death, the liberty of a joyfull life.

O sweet tombe of my sweetest Lord, while I live I will stay by thee; when I die, I will cleave unto thee: neither alive nor dead, will I ever bee drawne from thee. Thou art the altar of mercy, the temple of truth, the sanctuary of

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safety, the grave of death, and the cradle of eternall life.

O heaven of my eclipsed sun, receive unto thee this silly starre that hath now also lost all wished light.

O whale! that hast swallowed my only Ionas, swallow also me, more worthy to be thy prey, sith I, and not he, was the cause of this bloudy tempest.

O cesterne of my innocent Ioseph, take me into thy dry bottom, sith I, and not he, gave just cause of offence to my enraged brethren. But alas, in what cloud hast thou hidden the light of our way? Upon what shore hast thou cast up the preacher of all truth? or to what

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Ismaelite hast thou yeelded the purveyour of our life?

Oh unhappy mee, why did I not before thinke of that which I now ask? Why did I leave him when I had him, thus to lament him now that I have lost him? If I had watched with perseverance, either none would have taken him, or they should have taken me with him.

But through too much precisenesse in keeping the law, I have lost the law-maker; and by being too scrupulous in observing his ceremonies, I am proved irreligious in losing himselfe, sith I should rather have remained with the truth, than forsaken it to solemnize the figure.

The Sabboth could not have beene prophaned

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in standing by his corse, by which the prophaned things are sanctified, and whose touch doth not defile the cleane, but cleanseth the most defiled.

But when it was time to stay, I departed: when it was too late to helpe, I returned: and now I repent my folly, when it cannot be amended. But let my heart dissolve into sighes, mine eyes melt in teares, and my desolate soule languish in dislikes: yea, let all that I am, and have, endure the deserved punishment, that if hee were incensed with my fault, hee may bee appeased with my penance, and returne upon the amendment that fled from the offence.

Thus when her timorous conscience had indit-

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ed her of so great an omission, and her tongue enforced the evidence with these bitter accusations, love that was now the only umpire in all her causes, condeinned her eyes to a fresh showre of teares, her breast to a new storme of sighs, and her soule to bee perpetuall prisoner to restlesse sorrowes.

But, O Marie, thou deceivest thyselfe in thy owne desires, and it well appeareth, that excesse of griefe hath bred in thee a defect of due providence. And wouldest thou indeed have thy wishes come to passe, and thy words fulfilled? Tell mee then, I pray thee, if thy heart were dissolved, where wouldest thou harbour thy

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Lord? what wouldest thou offer him? how wouldest thou love him?

Thine eyes have lost him, thy hands cannot feele him, thy feet cannot follow him: and if it bee at all in thee, it is thy heart that hath him, and wouldest thou now have that dissolved, from thence also to exile him? And if thine eyes were melted, thy soule in languor, and thy senses decayed, how wouldest thou see him, if hee did appeare? how shouldest thou heare him, if he did speake? how couldest thou know him, though he were there present?

Thou thinkest haply that hee loved thee so well, that if thy heart were spent for his love, hee would either lend his owne heart unto thee,

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or create a new heart in thee, better than that which thy sorrow tooke from thee. It may be thou imaginest that if thy soule would give place, his soule wanting now a body, would enter into thine, with supply of all thy senses, and release of thy sorrowes.

O Mary, thou diddest not marke what thy master was wont to say, when hee told thee, that the third day hee should rise againe. For if thou hadst heard him, or at the least understood him, thou wouldest not thinke but that hee now used both his heart and soule in the life of his owne body.

And therefore repaire to the angels, and enquire more of them, lest the Lord bee displeas-

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ed, that comming from him, thou wilt not entertaine them.

But Mary, whose devotions were all fixed upon a nobler Saint, and that had so straightly bound her thoughts to his only affection, that shee rather desired to unknow whom shee knew already, than to burthen her mind with the knowledge of new acquaintance, could not make her will long since possessed with the highest love, stoop to the acceptance of meaner friendships.

And for this, though shee did not scornefully reject, yet did she with humility refuse the angels' company, thinking it no discourtesie to take herselfe from them, for to give herselfe

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more wholly to her Lord, to whom both shee and they were wholly devoted, and ought most love and greatest duty.

Sorrow also being now the only interpreter of all that sense delivered to her understanding, made her conster their demand in a more doubtfull than true meaning.

If (saith she) they came to ease my affliction, they could not be ignorant of the cause: and if they were not ignorant of it, they would never aske it. Why then did they say, *Woman! why weepest thou?*

If their question did import a prohibition, the necessity of the occasion doth countermand their

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counsell, and fitter it were they should weepe with mee, than I in not weeping obey them.

If the sunne were ashamed to shew his brightnesse, when the father of lights was darkned with such disgrace: if the heavens discolouring their beauties, suted themselves to their Maker's fortune: if the whole frame of nature were almost dissolved, to see the author of nature so unnaturally abused: why may not angels, that best knew the indignity of the case, make up a part in this lamentable concert? And especially now, that by the losse of his body, the cause of weeping is encreased, and yet the number of mourners lessened. sith the apostles are fled, all his friends afraid, and poore I left alone to sup-

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ply the teares of all creatures? *O who will give water to my head, and a fountaine of teares unto mine eyes, that I may weepe day and night, and never cease weeping?*

O my only Lord, thy griefe was the greatest that ever was in man, and my griefe as great as ever happened to woman: for my love hath carved me no small portion of thine, thy losse hath redoubled the torment of my owne, and all creatures seeme to have made over to mee theirs, leaving me as the vicegerent of all their sorrow. Sorrow with mee at the least, O thou tombe, and thaw into teares, you hardest stones.

The time is now come, that you are licensed to cry, and bound to recompence the silence of

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your Lord's disciples, of whom hee himselfe said to the Pharisees, that if they held their peace, the very stones should cry for them.

Now therefore sith feare hath locked up their lips, and sadnesse made them mute, let the stones cry out against the murderers of my Lord, and bewray the robbers of his sacred body. And I feare that were it well knowne who hath taken him away, there is no stone so stony, but should have cause to lament.

It was doubtlesse the spite of some malicious pharisee or bloudy scribe, that not contented with those torments that he suffered in life, (of which every one to any other would have beene a tyrannicall death) hath now stolen away his

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dead body, to practise upon it some savage cruelty, and to glut their pitilesse eyes and brutish hearts with the unnaturall usage of his helplesse corps.

O ye rocks and stones, if ever you must cry out, now it is high time, sith the light, the life, and the Lord of the world is thus darkened, massacred, and outragiously mis-used.

Doth not his tongue, whose truth is infallible, and whose word omnipotent, commanding both winds and seas, and never disobeyed of the most sensible creatures, promise to arme the world, and make the whole earth to fight against the senselesse persons, in defence of the just? and who more just than the Lord of justice?

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Who more senselesse than his barbarous murtherers, whose insatiable thirst of his innocent blood, could not bee staunched with their cruell butchering him at his death, unlesse they proceeded further in this hellish impiety to his dead body?

Why then do not all creatures addresse themselves to revenge so just a quarrell, upon so senselesse wretches, left of all reason, forsaken of humanity, and bereaved of all feeling both of God and man?

O Mary, why doest thou thus torment thyselfe with these tragicall surmises? Doest thou thinke that the angels would sit still, if their master were not well? Did they serve him after

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his fasting, and would they despise him after his decease?

Did they comfort him before he was apprehended, and would not defend him when he was dead? If in the garden he might have had twelve legions of them, is his power so quite dead with his body, that hee could not now command them? Was there an angel found to helpe Daniel to his dinner, to save Toby from the fish, yea, and to defend Balaam's poore beast from his master's rage: and is the Lord of angels of so little reckoning, that if his body stood in need, never an angel would defend it?

Thou seest two here present to honour his tombe, and how much more carefull would they

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be to doe homage to his person? Beleeve not, Mary, that they would smile, if thou haddest such occasion to weepe.

They would not so gloriously shine in white, if a blacke and mourning weed did better become them, or were a fitter livery for thy master to give, or them to weare. Yeeld not more to thy uncertaine feare and deceived love, than to their assured knowledge: and never-erring charity.

Can a materiall eye see more than an heavenly spirit, or the glimmering of the twi-light give better aime than the beames of their eternall sun? Would they (thinkest thou) wait upon the winding sheet, while the corse were abused, or

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bee here for thy comfort, if their Lord did need their service?

No, no, hee was neither any theeves' booty, nor Pharisees' prey; neither are the angels so carelesse of him, as thy suspition presumeth. And if their presence and demeanour cannot alter thy conceit, looke upon the clothes and they will teach thee thine errour, and cleare thee of thy doubt.

Would any theefe, thinkest thou, have beene so religious, as to have stolen the body, and left the clothes? Yea, would he have beene so venturous, as to have stayed the unshrowding of the corse, the well ordering of the sheets, and folding up the napkins? Thou knowest that the

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myrrh maketh linnen cleave as fast as pitch or glue: and was a theefe at so much leasure, as to dissolve the myrrh and uncloath the dead? what did the watch while the seales were broken, the tombe opened, the body unfolded, all other things ordered as now thou seest?

And if all this cannot yet perswade thee, beleeve at the least thy owne experience. When thy master was strypped at the crosse, thou knowest that his only garment, being congealed to his goary back, came not off without many parts of his skin, and doubtlesse would have torne off many more, if he had been annointed with myrrh.

Looke then into the sheete, whether there re-

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maine any parcell of skinne, or any one haire of his head: and sith there is none to be found, beleeve some better issue of thy master's absence than thy feare suggesteth. A guilty conscience doubteth want of time, and therefore dispatcheth hastily.

It is in hazard to be discovered, and therefore practiseth in darknesse and secresy. It ever worketh in extreme feare: and therefore hath no leasure to place things orderly. But to unwrap so mangled a body, out of myrrhed cloathes without tearing of any skinne, or leaving on any myrrh, is a thing either to man impossible, or not possible to bee done with such speed, without light or helpe, and with so good order. As-

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sure thyselfe therefore, that if either of malice or by fraud the corse had beene removed, the linnen and myrrh should never have beene left; and neither could the angels looke so chearefully, nor the clothes lye so orderly, but to import some happier accident than thou conceivest. But to free thee more from feare, consider these words of the angels, *woman, why weepest thou?* For what doe they signifie, but as much in effect as if they had said: where angels rejoyce, it agreeth not that a woman should weepe, and where heavenly eyes are witnesses of joy, no mortall eye should controll them with testimonies of sorrow?

With more than a manly courage thou diddest,

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before my comming, arme thy feet to runne among swords, thy armes to remove huge loades, thy body to endure all tyrants' rage, and thy soule to bee sundred with violent tortures: and art thou now so much a woman, that thou canst not command thine eyes to forbeare teares? if thou wert a true disciple, so many proofes would perswade thee, but now thy incredulous humour maketh thee unworthy of that stile, and wee can affoord thee no better title, than a woman, and therefore O woman, and too much a woman, why weepest thou?

If there were here any corse, wee might thinke that sorrow for the dead enforced thy teares: but now that thou findest it a place of

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the living, why doest thou here stand weeping for the dead?

Is our presence so discomfortable, that thou shouldest weepe to behold us? or is it the course of thy kindnesse with teares to entertaine us? If they bee teares of love to testifie thy good will, as thy love is acknowledged, so let these signes be suppressed. If they bee teares of anger to denounce thy displeasure, they should not here have beene shed, where all anger was buried but none deserved.

If they be teares of sorrow and duties to the dead they are bestowed in vaine, where the dead is revived. If they be teares of joy, stilled from the flowers of thy good fortune, fewer of these

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would suffice, and fitter were other tokens to expresse thy contentment.

And therefore *O woman, why doest thou weepe?* would our eyes be so dry, if such eie-streams were behovefull? Yea, would not the heavens raine teares, if thy supposals were truths? Did not angels alwaies in their visible semblances represent their Lord's invisible pleasures, shadowing their shapes in the drift of his intentions? When God was incensed, they brandished swords: when hee was appeased, they sheathed them in the scabbards: when he would defend, they resembled souldiers; when he would terrifie, they tooke terrible formes; and when he would comfort, they carried mirth in their eyes,

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sweetnesse in their countenance, mildnesse in their words, favour, grace and comlinesse in their whole presence. Why then doest thou weepe, seeing us to rejoyce?

Doest thou imagine us to degenerate from our nature, or to forget any duty, whose state is neither subject to change, nor capable of the least offence? Art thou more privy to the counsell of our eternall God, than we that are daily attendants at his throne of glory?

O woman, deeme not amisse against so apparent evidence, and at our request exchange thy sorrow for our joy.

But O glorious angels, why doe yee move her to joy, if you know why shee weepeth? Alas,

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shee weepeth for the losse of him, without whom all joy is to her but matter of new griefe. While hee lived, every place where she found him, was to her a paradise; every season wherein he was enjoyed, a perpetuall spring; every exercise wherein he was served, a speciall felicity: the ground whereon he went, seemed to yeeld her sweeter footing; the aire wherein hee breathed, became to her spirit of life, being once sanctified in his sacred breast.

In summe, his presence brought with it an heaven of delights, and his departure seemed to leave an eclipse in all things.

And yet even the places that hee had once honoured with the accesse of his person, were to

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her so many sweet pilgrimages, which in his absence shee used as chappels and altars, to offer up her prayers, feeling in them long after, the vertue of his former presence. And therefore to feed her with conjectures of his well being, is but to strengthen her feare of his evill, and the alledging of likelihoods, by those that know the certainty, importeth the cause to be so lamentable, that they are unwilling it should be knowne.

Your obscure glancing at the truth, is no sufficient acquittance of her griefe, neither can she out of these disjoyned ghests spell the words that must be the conclusion of her complaint. Tell her then directly, what is become of her Lord, if you meane to deliver her out of these

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dumps, sith what else soever you say of him, doth but draw more humours to her sore, and rather anger it than any way asswage it.

Yet hearken, O Mary, and consider their speeches. Thinke what answer thou wilt give them, sith they presse thee with so strong perswasion. But I doubt that thy wits are smothered with too thicke a mist, to admit these unknowne beames of their pale light.

Thou art so wholly inherited by the bloudy tragedy of thy slaughtered Lord, and his death and dead body hath gotten so absolute a conquest over all thy powers, that neither thy sense can discerne, nor thy minde conceive any other object than his murdered corse.

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Thy eyes seeme to tell thee that every thing inviteth thee to weep, carrying such outward shew, as though all that thou seest were attired in sorrow, to solemnize with generall consent the funerall of thy master.

Thy teares perswade thee, that all sounds and voices are tuned with mournfull notes, and that the eccho of thine owne wailings is the cry of the very stones and trees, as though (the cause of thy teares being so unusuall) God to the rocks and woods had inspired a feeling of thine and their common losse. And therefore it soundeth to thee as a strange question, to aske thee why thou weepest, sith all that thou seest and hear-

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est, seemeth to induce thee, yea, to enforce thee to weepe.

If thou seest any thing that beareth colour of mirth, it is unto thee like the rich spoils of a vanquished kingdome, in the eye of a captive Prince, which puts him in minde what he had, not what hee hath, and are but upbraidings of his losse, and whetstones of sharper sorrow.

Whatsoever thou hearest that moveth delight, it presenteth the misse of thy master's speeches, which as they were the only harmony that thy eares affected, so they being now stopped with a deathfull silence, all other words and tunes of comfort are to thee but an Israelite's musicke

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upon Babylon's bankes, memories of a lost felicity, and proofes of a present unhappinesse.

And though love increaseth the conceit of thy losse, which endeareth the meanest things, and doubleth the estimate of things that are precious: yet thy faith teaching thee the infinite dignity of thy master, and thy understanding being no dull scholar to learne so well liked a lesson, it fell out to bee the bitterest part of thy misery, that thou diddest so well know, how infinite the losse was that made thee miserable.

This is the cause that those very angels, in whom all things make remonstrance of triumph and solace, are unto thee occasions of new griefe. For their gracious and lovely countenances re-

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member thee, that thou hast lost the beauty of the world, and the highest marke of true love's ambition. Their sweet lookes and amiable features tell thee, that the heaven of thy eyes, which was the reverend Majestie of thy master's face, once shined with farre more pleasing graces, but is now disfigured with the dreadfull formes of death. In summe, they were to thee, like the glistering sparkes of a broken diamond, and like pictures of dead and decayed beauties, signes, not salves of thy calamity; memorials, not medicines of thy misfortune. Thy eyes were too well acquainted with the truth, to accept a supply of shadowes: and as comelinesse, comfort, and glory, were never in any other so truly at

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home, and so perfectly in their prime, as in the person and speeches of thy Lord: so cannot thy thoughts, but bee like strangers in any forsign delight. For in them all, thou seest no more but some scattered crummes, and hungrie morsels of thy late plentifull banquets, and findest a dim reflexion of thy former light, which, like a flash of lightening in a close and stormie night, serveth thee but to see thy present infelicitie, and the better to know the horrour of the ensuing darkneasse.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

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MARY MAGDALEN'S

Funerall Teares.

PART THE SECOND.

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MARY MAGDALEN'S
Funerall Teares.

PART II.

THOU thinkest therefore thyselfe blamelesse, both in weeping for thy losse, and in refusing other comfort; Yet in common courtesie affoord these angels an answer, sith their charitie visiting thee, deserveth much more, and thou (if not too ungratefull) canst allow them no lesse.

Alas (saith shee) what needeth my answer, where the miserie itselfe speaketh, and the losse

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is manifest? My eyes have answered them with teares, my breast with sighs, and my heart with throbs, what need I also punish my tongue, or wound my sense with a new rehearsall of so dolefull a mischance? *They have taken away*, O unfortunate word! *they have taken away my Lord*,

O afflicted woman; why thinkest thou this word so unfortunate? It may be the angels have taken him, more solemnely to intombe him: and sith earth hath done her last homage, haply the quires of heaven are also descended to defray unto him their funerall duties.

It may be that the centurion and the rest, that did acknowledge him on the crosse to be the

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Sonne of God, have beene touched with remorse, and goared with pricke of conscience, and being desirous to satisfie for their hainous offence, have now taken him, more honourably to interre him, and by their service to his body sought forgivenesse, and sued the pardon of their guiltie soules.

Peradventure some secret disciples have wrought this exploit, and maugre the watch, taken him from hence, with due honour to preserve him in some better place, and therefore being yet uncertaine who hath him, there is no such cause to lament, sith the greater probabilities march on the better side. Why doest thou call sorrow before it commeth, which without calling commeth

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on thee too fast ? yea, why doest thou create sorrow where it is not, sith thou hast true sorrow enough, though imagined sorrowes helpe not ? It is folly to suppose the worst where the best may be hoped for : and every mishap bringeth griefe enough with it, though wee with our feares doe not goe first to meet it. Quiet then thy selfe till time try out the truth, and it may bee thy feare will prove greater than thy misfortune.

But I know thy love is little helped with this lesson : for the more it loveth, the more it feareth : and the more desirous to enjoy, the more doubtfull it is to lose. It neither hath measure in hopes, nor meane in feares : hoping the best

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upon the least surmises, and fearing the worst upon the weakest grounds. And yet both fearing and hoping at one time, neither feare withholdeth hope from the highest attempts, nor hope can strengthen feare against the smallest suspitions: but maugre all feares, love's hopes will mount to the highest pitch, and maugre all hopes, love's feares will stoope to the lowest downecome. To bid thee therefore hope, is not to forbid thee to feare, and though it may bee for the best, that thy Lord is taken from thee, yet sith it may bee also for the worst, that will never content thee.

Thou thinkest, hope doth enough to keepe thy heart from breaking, and feare little enough to

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force thee to no more than weeping, sith it is as likely that he hath beene taken away upon hatred by his enemies, as upon love by his friends.

For hitherto (sayest thou) his friends have all failed him, and his foes prevailed against him; and as they that would not defend him alive, are lesse likely to regard him dead, so they that thought one life too little to take from him, are not unlikely after death to wrecke new rage upon him.

And though this doubt were not, yet whosoever hath taken him, hath wronged mee, in not acquainting mee with it: for to take away mine without my consent, can neither be offered without injury, nor suffered without sorrow. And as

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for Ieses, he was my Iesus, my Lord, and my master. He was mine because he was given unto me, and born for me: hee was the author of my being, and so my father; hee was the worker of my well doing, and therefore my Saviour; hee was the price of my ransome, and thereby my redeemer; hee was my Lord to command mee, my master to instruct mee, my pastor to feed mee. Hee was mine, because his love was mine, and when hee gave mee his love, hee gave mee himselfe, sith love is no gift except the giver be given with it: yea, it is no love, unlesse it bee as liberall of that it is, as of that it hath. Finally, if the meat bee mine that I eat, the life mine wherewith I live, or hee mine,

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all whose life, labours, and death were mine, then dare I boldly say that Iesus is mine, sith on his body I feed, by his love I live, and to my good without any need of his owne, hath hee lived, laboured, and died. And therefore though his disciples, though the centurion, yea, though the angels have taken him, they have done mee wrong, in defeating mee of my right, sith I never meane to resigne my interest.

But what if hee hath taken away himselfe, wilt thou also lay injustice to his charge? Though hee bee thine, yet thine to command, not to obey; thy Lord to dispose of thee, and not to be by thee disposed: and therefore, as it is no reason that the servant should bee master of his mas-

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ter's secrets, so might hee, and peradventure so hath hee, removed without acquainting thee whither, reviving himselfe with the same power with which hee raised thy dead brother, and fulfilling the words that hee often uttered of his resurrection. It may bee thou wilt say, that a gift once given, cannot be revoked, and therefore though it were before in his choice, not to give himselfe unto thee: yet the deed of gift being once made, he cannot bee taken from thee, neither can the donor dispose of his gift without the possessor's privitie. And sith this is a rule in the law of nature, thou mayest imagine it a breach of equitie, and an impeachment of thy

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right, to convey himselfe away without thy consent.

But to this I will answer thee with thine owne ground. For if he be thine by being given thee once, thou art his by as many gifts, as dayes, and therefore hee being absolute owner of thee, is likewise full owner of whatsoever is thine: and consequently because he is thine, he is also his owne and so nothing liable unto thee, for taking himselfe from thee.

Yea, but he is my Lord (sayest thou) and in this respect, bound to keepe mee, at the least bound not to kill mee: and sith killing is nothing but a severing of life from the body, hee being the chiefe life both of my soule and body, cannot

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possibly goe from mee, but hee must with a double death kill mee. And therefore he being my Lord, and bound to protect his servant, it is against all lawes that I should bee thus forsaken.

But, O cruell tongue, why pleadest thou thus against him, whose case I feare mee is so pitifull, that it might rather move all tongues to plead for him, being peradventure in their hands, whose unmercifull hearts make themselves merry with his miserie, and build the triumphs of their impious victory upon the dolefull ruines of his disgraced glory? And now (O griefe) because I know not where hee is, I cannot imagine

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how to helpe, for they have taken him away, and I know not where they have put him.

Alas, Mary, why doest thou consume thyselfe with these cares? His father knoweth, and hee will helpe him. The angels know, and they will guard him. His owne soule knoweth, and that will assist him. And what need then is there, that thou silly woman shouldest know it, that canst no way profit him? But I feele in what veine thy pulse beateth, and by thy desire I discover thy disease. Though both heaven and earth did know it, and the whole world had notice of it, yet except thou also wert made privie unto it, thy woes would bee as great, and thy teares as many. That others see the sunne,

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doth not lighten thy darknesse, neither can others' eating satisfie thy hunger. The more there bee that know of him, the greater is thy sorrow, that among so many thou art not thought worthy to bee one. And the more there bee that may helpe him, the more it grieveth thee that thy poore helpe is not accepted among them. Though thy knowledge needeth not, thy love doth desire it, and though it availe not, thy desire will seeke it. If all know it, thou wouldest know it with all: if no other, thou wouldest know it alone; and from whomsoever it bee concealed, it must bee no secret to thee. Though the knowledge would discomfort thee, yet know

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it thou wilt, yea, though it would kill thee, thou couldest not forbeare it.

Thy Lord to thy love is like drinke to the thirstie, which if they cannot have, they die for drought, being long without it they pine away with longing. And as men in extremitie of thirst are still dreaming of fountaines, brookes, and springs, being never able to have other thought, or to utter other word but of drinke and moisture: so lovers, in the vehemencie of their passion, can neither thinke nor speake but of that they love, and if that bee once missing, every part is both an eye to watch, and an eare to listen, what hope or newes may bee had. If it bee good, they die till they heare it, though

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bad, yet they cannot live without it. Of the good, they hope that it is the very best; and of the evill, they feare it to bee the worst: and yet though never so good; they pine till it bee told, and be it never so evill, they are importunate to know it. And when they once know it, they can neither beare the joy nor brooke the sorrow, but as well the one as the other is enough to kill them.

And this, O Mary, I guess to be the cause why the angels would not tell thee thy Lord's estate. For if it had beene to thy liking, thou wouldest have died for joy, if otherwise, thou wouldest have sunk downe for sorrow. And therefore they leave this newes for him to deli-

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ver, whose word if it give thee a wound, is also a salve to cure it, though never so deadly.

But alas, afflicted soule, why doth it so deeply grieve thee, that thou knowest not where he is? Thou canst not better him if hee be well, thou canst as little succour him if hee be ill: and sith thou fearest that hee is rather ill than well, why shouldest thou know it, so to end thy hopes in mishap, and thy great feares in farre greater sorrowes? Alas, to aske thee why, is in a manner to aske one halfe starved why hee is hungrie. For as thy Lord is the food of thy thoughts, the releefe of thy wishes, the only repast of all thy desires: so is thy love a continuall hunger, and his absense unto thee an ex-

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treme famine. And therefore no marvell though thou art so greedie to heare, yea to devoure any, be it never so bitter notice of him, sith thy hunger is most violent, and nothing but hee able to content it. And albeit the hearing of his harmes should worke the same in thy minde, that unwholesome meat worketh in a sick stomacke: yet if it once concerne him that thou lovest, thy hungry love could not temper itselfe from it, though after with many wringing gripes, it did a long and unpleasant penance.

But why doth thy sorrow quest so much upon the place where hee is? were it not enough for thee to know who had him, but that thou must also know in what place hee is bestowed? A worse place

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than a grave no man will offer, and many a farre better mansion will allow: and therefore thou mayest boldly thinke, that wheresoever hee be, he is in a place fitter for him than where hee was. Thy sister Martha confessed him to bee the Sonne of God, and with her confession agreed thy beleefe. And what place more convenient for the Sonne, than to bee with his Father, the businesse, for which he hath beene so long from him, being now fully finished? If he be the Messias, as thou diddest once beleeve, it was said of him, *That he should ascend on high, and leade our captivitie captive.* And what is this height, but heaven? what our captivity but death? Death therefore is become his captive,

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and it is like that with the spoiles thereof, he is ascended in triumph to eternall life.

But if thou canst not lift thy minde to so favourable a beleefe, yet mayest thou very well suppose that hee is in Paradise. For if hee came to repaire Adam's ruines, and to bee the common parent of our redemption, as Adam was of our originall infection: reason seemeth to require, that having endured all his life the penaltie of Adam's exile, hee should after death reenter possession of that inheritance which Adam lost: that the same place that was the nest where sinne was first hatched, may bee now the child-bed of grace and mercie. And if sorrow at the crosse did not make thee as deafe, as at

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the tombe it maketh thee forgetfull, thou didest in confirmation hereof heare himselfe say to one of the theeves, that the same day hee should bee with him in Paradise. And if it bee reason that no shadow should bee more priviledged than the body, no figure in more account than the figured truth, why shouldest thou beleeve that Elias and Enoch have beene in Paradise these many ages and that hee whom they but as types resembled, should bee excluded from thence? Hee excelled them in life, surpassed them in miracles, hee was farre beyond them in dignitie: why then should not his place bee farre above, or at the least equall with theirs, sith their prerogatives were so farre inferiour unto his?

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And yet if the baseneſse and miſerie of his passion have laid him so low in thy conceit, that thou thinkest paradise too high a place to bee likely to have him: the very lowest roome that any reason can assign him, cannot be meaner than the bosome of Abraham. And sith God in his life did so often acknowledge him for his Sonne, it seemeth the slenderest prehemineence that hee can give him above other men, that being *his holy one, hee should not in his body see corruption*, but bee free among the dead, reposing both in body and soule, where other Saints are in soule only. Let not therefore the place where hee is, trouble thee, sith it cannot bee worse

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than his grave, and infinite conjectures make probability that it cannot but be better.

But suppose that hee were yet remaining on earth, and taken by others out of his tombe, what would it availe thee to know where hee were? If hee bee with such as love and honour him, they will bee as wary to keepe him, as they are loth hee should bee lost: and therefore will either often change, or never confesse the place, knowing secresie to be the surest locke to defend so great a treasure. If those have taken him, that malice and maligne him, thou mayest well judge him past thy recoverie, when hee is once in possession of so cruell owners.

Thou wouldest haply make sale of thy living,

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and seeke him by ransome. But it is not likely they would sell him to be honoured, that bought him to be murthered.

If price would not serve, thou wouldest fall to prayer. But how can prayer soften such flintie hearts? And if they scorned so many teares offered for his life, as little will they regard thy intreaty for his corse.

If neither price nor prayer would prevaile, thou wouldest attempt it by force. But alas! silly souldier, thy armes are too weake to manage weapons, and the issue of thy assault, would be the losse of thyselfe.

If no other way would helpe, thou wouldest purloine him by stealth, and thinke thyselfe hap-

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pie in contriving such a theft. O Marie, thou art deceived, for malice will have many lockes: and to steale him from a theefe, that could steale him from the watch, requireth more cunning in the art, than thy want of practice can affoord thee.

Yet if these bee the causes that thou inquirest of the place, thou shewest the force of thy rare affection, and deservest the laurell of a perfect lover.

But to feele more of their sweetnesse, I will pound these spices, and dwell a while in the peruse of thy resolute fervour.

And first, can thy love enrich thee when thy goods are gone, or a dead corse repay the value

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of thy ransome? Because he had neither bed to bee born in, nor grave to bee buried in, wilt thou therefore rather bee poore with him, than rich without him?

Againe, if thou hadst to sue to some cruell Scribe or Pharisee, that is, to an heart boyling in rancor, with an heart burning in love, for a thing of him above all things detested, of thee above all things desired: as his enemies to whom thou suest, and his friend for whom thou intreatest, canst thou thinke it possible for this sute to speed? Could thy love repaire thee from his rage, or such a tyrant stoope to a woman's teares?

Thirdly, if thy Lord might be recovered by

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violence, art thou so armed in compleat love) that thou thinkest it sufficient harnesse? or doth thy love endue thee with such a Iudith's spirit, or lend thee such Sampson's locks, that thou canst breake open huge gates, or foyle whole armies? Is thy love so sure a field, that no blow can breake it, or so sharpe a dint, that no force can withstand it? Can it thus alter sex, change nature, and exceed all art?

But of all other courses wouldest thou adventure a theft to obtaine thy desire? A good deed must bee well done, and a worke of mercy without breach of justice. It were a sinne to steale profane treasure, but to steale an anointed prophet, can bee no lesse than sacrilege. And what

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greater staine to thy Lord, to his doctrine, and to thyselfe, than to see thee his Disciple publikely executed for an open theft?

O Mary, unlesse thy love have better warrant than common sense, I can hardly see how such designements can be approved.

Approved (saith shee) I would to God the execution were as easie as the proofe, and I should not long bewaile my unfortunate losse.

To others it seemeth ill to preferre love before riches, but to love it seemeth worse to preferre any thing before itselfe. Clothe him with plates of silver that shivereth for cold, or fill his purse with treasure that pineth with hunger, and see whether the plates will warme him, or the trea-

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sure feed him. No, no, hee will give us all his plates for a woollen garment, and all his money for a meale's meat. Every supply fitteth not with every need, and the love of so sweet a Lord hath no correspondence in worldly wealth. Without him I were poore, though Empresse of the world. With him I were rich though I had nothing else. They that have most are accounted richest, and they thought to have most, that have all they desire: and therefore as in him alone is the uttermost of my desires, so hee alone is the summe of all my substance. It were too happie an exchange to have God for goods, and too rich a povertie to enjoy the only treasure of the world. If I were so fortunate a beggar, I

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would disdaine Solomon's wealth, and my love being so highly enriched my life should never complaine of want.

And if all I am worth would not reach to his ransome, what should hinder to seeke him by intreaty? Though I were to sue to the greatest tyrant, yet the equity of my sute is more than halfe a grant. If many drops soften the hardest stones, why should not many teares supple the most stony hearts? What anger so fiery that may not be quenched with eye-water, aith a weeping supplyant rebateth the edge of more than a lyon's fury? My sute itselfe would sue for mee, and so dolefull a course would quicken pity in the most iron hearts.

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But suppose that by touching a rankled sore, my touch should anger it, and my petition at the first incense him that heard it: he would percase revile me in words, and then his owne injury would recoyle with remorse, and be unto me a patron to proceed in my request. And if hee should accompany his words with blowes, and his blowes with wounds, it may bee my stripes would smart in his guilty minde, and his conscience bleed in my bleeding wounds, and my innocent blood so entender his adamant heart, that his owne inward feelings would plead my cause, and peradventure obtaine my sute.

But if through extremity of spite he should happen to kill me, his offence might easily re-

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dound to my felicity. For hee would bee as carefull to hide whom hee had unjustly murthered, as him whom he had feloniously stolen: and so it is like that he would hide me in the same place where hee had laid my Lord. And as hee hated us both for one cause, him for challenging, and mee for acknowledging that hee was the Messias: so would he use us both after one manner. And thus what comfort my body wanted, my soule should enjoy, in seeing a part of myselfe partner of my master's misery: with whom to be miserable, I reckon an higher fortune, than without him to bee most happy.

And if no other meane would serve to recover him but force, I see no reason why it might not

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very well become me. None will barre me from defending my life, which the least worme in the right nature hath leave to preserve. And sith hee is to mee so deare a life, that without him all life is death, nature authoriseth my feeble forces to imploy their uttermost in so necessary an attempt.

Necessity addeth ability, and love doubleth necessity, and it often happeneth that nature armed with love, and pressed with need, exceedeth itselfe in might, and surmounteth all hope in successe. And as the equity of the cause doth breathe courage into the defenders, making them more willing to fight, and the lesse unwilling to die: so guilty consciences are ever mo-

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rous, still starting with sudden frights, and afraid of their owne suspitions, ready to yeeld before the assault, upon distresse of their cause, and despaire of their defence. Sith therefore to rescue an innocent, to recover a right, and to redresse so deepe a wrong, is so just a quarrell: nature will enable mee, love encourage mee, grace confirme mee, and the judge of all justice fight in my behalfe.

And if it seeme unfitting to my sex in talke, much more in practice to deale with materiall affaires: yet when such a cause happeneth as never had patterne, such effects must follow as are without example. There was never any body of a God but one, neither such a body stolne but

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now, never such a stealth unrevenged but this. Sith therfore the angels neglect it, and men forget, O Iudith, lend mee thy prowesse, for I am bound to regard it.

But suppose that my force were unable to winne him by an open enterprise, what scruple should keepe mee from seeking him by secret meanes? yea, and by plaine stealth, it will bee thought a sinne, and condemned for a theft. O sweet sinne, why was not I the first that did commit thee? why did I suffer any other sinner to prevent me? For stealing from God his honour, I was called a sinner, and under that title was spread my infamie: But for stealing God from a false owner, I was not worthy to bee cal-

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led a sinner, because it had beene too high a glory. If this bee so great a sinne, and so heinous a theft, let others make choice of what titles they will, but for my part I would refuse to bee an angell, I would not wish to bee a saint, I would never bee esteemed either just or true, and I should be best contented, if I might but live and die such a sinner, and be condemned for such a theft. When I heard my Lord make so comfortable a promise to the theefe upon the crosse, that hee should that day bee with him in paradise, I had halfe an envie at that theefe's good fortune, and wished myselfe in the theefe's place, so I might have enjoyed the fruit of his promise.

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But if I could bee so happy a theefe, as to commit this theft, if that wish had taken effect, I would now unwish it againe, and scorne to bee any other theefe than myselfe, sith my booty could make me happier than any other theefe's felicity. And what though my felony should bee called in question, in what respect should I need to feare? They would say, that I loved him too well; but that were soone disproved, sith where the worthinesse is infinite, no love can bee enough.

They would object that I stole another's goods: and as for that, many sure titles of my interest would averre him to be mine; and his dead corse would rather speake, than witnesses

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should faile to depose so certaine a truth. And if I had not a speciall right unto him, what should move mee to venture my life for him? No, no, if I were so happy a felon, I should feare no temporall arraignment: I should rather feare that the angels would cite me to my answer, for preventing them in the theft, sith not the highest seraphin in Heaven, but would deeme it a higher stile than his owne, to bee the theefe that had committed so glorious a robbery.

But alas, thus stand I now devising what I would doe, if I knew any thing of him, and in the meane time I neither know who hath him, nor where they have bestowed him, and still I am

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forced to dwell in this answer, that *they have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have put him.*

While Marie thus lost herselfe in a labyrinth of doubts, watering her words with teares, and warming them with sighs, seeing the angels with a kinde of reverence rise, as though they had done honour to one behind her: *She turned backe, and she saw Jesus standing, but that it was Jesus she knew not.*

O Marie, is it possible that thou hast forgotten Jesus? Faith hath written him in thy understanding, love in thy will, both feare and hope in thy memory: and how can all these registers bee so cancelled, that so plainely seeing, thou

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shouldest not know the contents? For him only thou tirest thy feet, thou bendest thy knees, thou wringest thy hands. For him thy heart throbbeth, thy breast sigheth, thy tongue complaineth. For him thine eye weepeth, thy thought sorroweth, thy whole body fainteth, and thy soule languisheth. In summe, there is no part in thee, but is busie about him, and notwithstanding all this, hast thou now forgotten him? His countenance avoucheth it, his voyce assureth it, his wounds witnesse it, thine owne eyes behold it, and doest thou not yet beleeve that this is Jesus? Are thy sharpe seeing eyes become so weake sighted, that they are dazzled with the Sunne, and blinded with the light?

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But there is such a shower of teares betweene thee and him, and thine eyes are so dimmed with weeping for him, that though thou seest the shape of a man, yet thou canst not discerne him. Thy eares also are still so possessed with the dolefull eccho of his last speeches, which want of breath made him utter in a dying voyce, that the force and loudnesse of his living words, maketh thee imagine it the voice of a stranger: and therefore as he seemeth unto thee so like a stranger, hee asketh this question of thee, *O woman! why weepest thou, whom seekest thou?*

O desire of the heart, and only joy of her soule, why demandest thou why shee weepeth? or for whom shee seeketh? But a while since

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shee saw thee, her only hope, hanging on a tree, with thy head full of thornes, thy eies full of teares, thy eares full of blasphemies, thy mouth full of gall, thy whole person mangled and disfigured, and dost thou aske her why shee weepeth? Scarce three dayes passed, shee beheld thy armes and legges racked with violent pulls, thy hands and feet bored with nayles, thy side wounded with a speare, thy whole body torne with stripes, and goared in blood, and doest thou, her only griefe, aske her why shee weepeth? Shee beheld thee upon the crosse with many teares, and most lamentable cries, yeelding up her ghost, that is, thy owne ghost, and alas, askest thou why shee weepeth? And now

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to make up her misery, having but one hope alive, which was, that for a small releefe of her other afflictions, shee might have anointed thy bŏdy, that hope is also dead, since thy body is removed, and shee now standeth hopelesse of all helpe, and demandest thou why she weepeth, and for whom she seeketh? Full well thou knowest, that thee only she desireth, thee only she loveth, all things beside thee shee contemneth, and canst thou finde in thy heart to aske her whom shee seeketh? To what end, O sweet Lord, doest thou thus suspend her longings, prolong her desires, and martyr her with these tedious delayes? Thou only art the forteresse of her faint faith, the ankor of her wavering hope,

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the very center of her vehement love: to thee she trusteth, upon thee she relieth, and of herselfe she wholly despaireth. Shee is so earnest in seeking thee, that she can neither seeke nor thinke any other thing: and all her wits are so busied in musing upon thee, that they draw all attention from her senses, wherewith they should discerne thee.

Being therefore so attentive to that shee thinketh, what marvell though she marke not whom shee seeth? and sith thou hast so perfect notice of her thought, and shee so little power to discover thee by sense, why demandest thou for whom shee seeketh, or why shee weepeth? Dost thou looke that shee should answer, For

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thee I seeke, or for thee I weepe? unlesse thou wilt unbend her thoughts, that her eyes may fully see thee: or while thou wilt be concealed, dost thou expect that shee should bee able to know thee?

But, O Marie, not without cause doth hee aske thee this question. Thou wouldest have him alive, and yet thou weepest because thou dost not finde him dead. Thou art sorry that he is not here, and for this very cause thou shouldest rather bee glad. For if hee were dead, it is most likely hee should be here: but not being here, it is a signe that hee is alive. He rejoyceth to bee out of his grave, and thou weepest because hee is not in it. Hee will not lie any where,

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and thou sorrowest for not knowing where hee lyeth. Alas, why bewailest thou his glory, and injurest the reviving of his body, as the robbery of his corse? Hee being alive, for what dead man mournest thou, and hee being present, whose absence doest thou lament? *But she taking him to bee a gardener, said unto him, O Lord, if thou hast carried him from hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.*

O wonderfull effects of Marie's love! if love bee a languor, how liveth she by it? If love be her life, how dieth she in it? If it bereaved her of sense, how did she see the angels? If it quickned her of sense, why knew shee not Jesus?

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Doest thou seeke for one, whom when thou hast found thou knowest not? or if thou dost know him when thou findest him, why doest thou seeke when thou hast him?

Behold, Iesus is come, and the party whom thou seekest is hee that talketh with thee. O Mary! call up thy wits, and open thine eies. Hath thy Lord lived so long, laboured so much, died with such paine, and shed such showers of blood, to come to no higher preferment, than to bee a gardener? And hast thou bestowed such cost, so much sorrow and so many teares, for no better man than a silly gardener? Alas, is the sorry garden the best inheritance, that thy love can affoord him, or a gardener's office the highest

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dignity, that thou wilt allow him? It had beene better he had lived to have beene lord of thy castle, than with his death so dearely to have bought so small a purchase. But thy mistaking hath in it a further mystery.

Thou thinkest not amisse, though thy sight be deceived. For as our first father, in the state of grace and innocency, was placed in the garden of pleasure, and the first office allotted him was to bee a gardener; so the first man that ever was in glory, appeareth first in a garden, and presenteth himselfe in a gardener's likenesse, that the beginnings of glory might resemble the entrance of innocency and grace. And as the gardener was the fall of mankinde, the pa-

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rent of sinne, and authour of death, so is this gardener the raiser of our ruines, the ransome of our offences, and the restorer of life. In a garden Adam was deceived and taken captive by the Devill. In a garden Christ was betrayed and taken prisoner by the Jewes. In a garden Adam was condemned to earne his bread with the sweat of his browes. And after a free gift of the bread of angels in the last supper, in a garden Christ did earne it us with a bloody sweat of his whole body. By disobedient eating the fruit of a tree, our right to that garden was by Adam forfeited; and by the obedient death of Christ upon a tree, a farre better right is now recovered. When Adam had sinned in

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the garden of pleasure, hee was there apparelled in dead beasts' skinnes, that his garment might betoken his grave, and his livery of death agree with his condemnation to die. And now to defray the debt of that sinne, in this garden Christ lay clad in the dead man's shroud, and buried in his tombe, that as our harmes began, so they might end ; and such places and meanes as were the premises to our misery, might bee also the conclusions of our misfortune.

For this did Christ, in the Canticles, invite us to an heavenly banquet after he was come into this garden, and had reaped his myrrh, and his spice, to forewarne us of the joy that after this harvest should presently ensue, namely when hav-

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ing sowed in this garden a body, the mortality whereof was signified by those spices, hee now reaped the same, neither capable of death, nor subject to corruption. For this also was Mary permitted to mistake, that we might be informed of the mystery, and see how aptly the course of our redemption did answer the processe of our condemnation.

But though hee bee the gardener, that hath planted the tree of grace, and restored us to the use and eating of the fruits of life: Though it bee hee that soweth his gifts in our soules, quickening in us the seeds of vertue, and rooting out of us the weeds of sinne: yet is hee nevertheless the same Iesus hee was, and the

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borrowed presence of a meane labourer neither altereth his person, nor diminisheth his right to his divine titles.

Why then canst thou not as well see what in truth hee is, as what in shew hee seemeth? but because thou seest more than thou diddest beleeve, and findest more than thy faith serveth thee to seeke: and for this though thy love was worthy to see him, yet thy faith was unworthy to know him.

Thou diddest seeke for him as dead, and therfore doest not know him seeing him alive; and because thou beleevest not of him as he is, thou doest only see him as he seemeth to be.

I cannot say thou art faultlesse, sith thou art

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so lame in thy beleefe: but thy fault deserveth favour, because thy charity is so great: and therefore, O mercifull Iesu, give me leave to excuse whom thou art minded to forgive.

Shee thought to have found thee as shee left thee, and shee sought thee, as shee did last see thee, being so overcome with sorrow for thy death, that she had neither roome nor respite in her minde for any hope of thy life: and being so deeply interred in the griefe of thy buriall, that shee could not raise her thoughts to any conceite of thy resurrection.

For in the grave where Ioseph buried thy body, Marie together with it entombed her soule, and so straightly combined it with thy

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corse, that shee could with more ease sunder her soule from her owne body that liveth by it, than from thy dead body with which her love did bury it: for it is more thine and in thee, than her owne or in herselfe: and therefore in seeking thy body, shee seeketh her owne soule, as with the losse of the one, shee also lost the other. What marvell then though sense faile, when the soule is lost, sith the lanterne must needs be darke when the light is out?

Restore unto her therefore her soule that lieth imprisoned in thy body, and she will soone both recover her sense, and discover her errour. For alas it is no error that proceedeth of any will to erre, and it riseth as much of vehemency or affec-

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tion, as of default in faith. Regard not the errour of a woman, but the love of a disciple, which supplyeth in itselfe what in faith it wanteth. *O Lord* (saith she) *if thou hast carried him hence, tell mee where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.*

O how learned is her ignorance, and how skilfull her errour? Shee charged not the angels with thy removing, nor seemed to mistrust them for carrying thee away, as though that her love had taught her that their helpe was needlesse, where the thing removed was remover of itselfe. She did not request them to informe her where thou wert laid, as if shee had reserved that question for thyselfe to answer. But now shee

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judgeth thee so likely to bee the authour of her losse, that halfe supposing thee guilty, she sueth a recovery, and desireth thee to tell her where the body is, as almost fully perswaded that thou art as privy to the place, as well acquainted with the action.

So that if she be not altogether right, shee is not very much wrong, and she erreth with such ayme, that she very little misseth the truth.— Tell her therefore, O Lord! what thou hast done with thyselfe, sith it is fittest for thine owne speech to utter that which was only possible for thy owne power to performe.

But, O Marie, sithens thou art so desirous to know where thy Jesus is, why doest thou not

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name him when thou askest for him? Thou saidest to the angels that they had taken away thy Lord, and now the second time thou asked for him. Are thy thoughts so visible, as at thy only presence to bee seene; or so generall, that they possesse all, when they are once in thee? When thou speakest of him, what him doest thou meane, or how can a stranger understand thee, when thou talkest of thy Lord? Hath the world no other Lords but thine? or is the demanding by no other name but (him,) a sufficient notice for whom thou demandest?

But such is the nature of thy love, thou judgest that no other should be intitled a Lord, sith the whole world is too little for thy Lord's pos-

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session, and that those few creatures that are, cannot chuse but know him, sith all the creatures of the world are too few to serve him. And as his worthinesse can appay all loves, and his only love content all hearts, so thou deemest him to be so well worthy to be owner of all thoughts, that no thought in thy conceit, can be well bestowed upon any other.

Yet thy speeches seeme more sudden than sound, and more peremptory, than well pondered. Why doest thou say so resolutely without any further circumstance, that if this gardener have taken him, thou wilt take him from him? If hee had him by right, in taking him away, thou shouldest doe him wrong; If thou supposest hee

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wrongfully tooke him, thou layest theft to his charge: and howsoever it bee, thou either condemnest thyselfe for an usurper, or him for a theefe. And is this an effect of thy zealous love, first to abase him from a God to a gardener, and now to degrade him from a gardener to a theefe?

Thou shouldest also have considered whether hee tooke him upon love or malice. If it were for love, thou mayest assure thyselfe that hee will bee as wary to keepe, as hee was venturous to get him, and therefore thy policy was weake in saying, thou wouldest take him away before thou knewest where hee was, sith none is so simple to bewray their treasure to a knowne theefe.

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If he tooke him of malice, thy offer to recover him is an open defiance, sith malice is as obstinate in defending, as violent in offering wrong, and hee that would bee cruell against thy master's dead body, is likely to bee more furious against his living disciples.

But thy love had no leasure to cast so many doubts. Thy teares were interpreters of thy words, and thy innocent meaning was written in thy dolefull countenance. Thine eies were rather pleaders for pity than heraulds of wrath, and thy whole person presenteth such a paterne of thy extreme anguish, that no man from thy presence could take in any other impression.— And therefore what thy words wanted, thy ac-

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tion supplied, and what his care might mistake, his eye did understand.

It might bee also that what he wrought in thy heart, was concealed from thy sight, and haply his voice and demeanour did import such compassion of thy case, that he seemed as willing to affoord as thou desirest to have his helpe. And so presuming by his behaviour, that thy suit should not suffer repulse, the tenour of thy request doth but argue thy hope of a grant.

But what is the reason that in all thy speeches, which since the misse of thy master, thou hast uttered, (*where have they put him*) is alwaies a part? So thou saydest to the apostles,

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the same to the angels, and now thou doest repeate it to this supposed gardener; very sweet must this word bee in thy heart, that is so often in thy mouth, and it would never bee so ready in thy tongue, if it were not very fresh in thy memory.

But what marvell though it taste so sweet, that was first seasoned in thy master's mouth? which as it was the treasury of truth, the fountaine of life, and the only quire of the most perfect harmony; so whatsoever it delivered, thine eare devoured, and thy heart locked up. And now that thou wantest himselfe, thou hast no other comfort but his words, which thou deemest so much the more effectuall to perswade, in

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that they tooke their force from so heavenly a speaker. His sweetness therefore it is that maketh this word so sweet, and for love of him thou repeatest it so often, because hee in the like case said of thy brother, *Where have you put him?* O how much doest thou affect his person, that findest so sweet a feeling in his phrase! How much desirest thou to see his countenance, that with so great desire pronouncest his words? And how willingly wouldest thou licke his sacred feet, that so willingly utterest his shortest speeches?

But what meanest thou to make so absolute a promise, and so boldly to say, *I will take him away?* Ioseph was afraid, and durst not take

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down his body from the crosse but by night, yea, and then also not without Pilate's warrant, but thou neither staiest untill night, nor regardest Pilate, but stoutly promisest that thou thyselfe wilt take him away.

What if hee bee in the palace of the High Priest, and some such maid, as made St. Peter deny his master, doe begin to question with thee, wilt thou then stand to these words, I will take him away? Is thy courage so high above kinde, thy strength so farre beyond thy sex, and thy love so much without measure, that thou neither doest remember that all women are weake, nor that thyselfe art but a woman? Thou exemptest no place, thou preferrest no

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person, thou speakest without feare, thou promisest without condition, thou makest no exception: as though nothing were impossible that thy love suggesteth.

But as the darkeness could not fright thee from setting forth before day, nor the watch feare thee from comming to the tombe: as thou diddest resolve to breake open the seales, though with danger of thy life, and to remove the stone from the grave's mouth, though thy force could not serve thee: so what marvell though thy love being now more incensed with the fresh wound of thy losse, it resolve upon any though never so hard adventures?

Love is not ruled with reason, but without

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love. It neither regardeth what can bee, nor what shall bee done, but only what itselfe desireth to doe. No difficulty can stay it, no impossibility appall it. Love is title just enough, and armour strong enough for all assaults, and itselfe a reward of all labours. It asketh no recompence, it respecteth no commodity. Love's fruits are love's effects, and the gaines the paines. It considereth behoofe more than benefit, and what in duty it should, not what indeed it can.

But how can nature bee so mastered with affection, that thou canst take such delight, and carry such love to a dead corse? The mother how tenderly soever shee loved her child alive, yet shee cannot chuse but loath him dead.

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The most loving spouse cannot endure the presence of her deceased husband, and whose embracements were delightsome in life, are ever most hatefull after death. Yea, this is the nature of all, but principally of women, that the very conceit, much more the sight of the departed striketh into them so fearefull and ugly impressions, and stirreth in them so great honour; that notwithstanding the most vehement love, they thinke long untill the house is ridde of their very dearest friends, when they are once attired in death's unlovely liveries. How then canst thou endure to take up his corse in thy hands, and to carry it thou knowest not thyselfe how farre, being especially torne and mangled, and conse-

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quently the more likely in so long time to bee tainted?

Thy sister was unwilling that the grave of her owne brother should bee opened, and yet hee was shrowded in sheets, embalmed with spices, and died an ordinary death, without any wound, bruise, or other harme, that might hasten his corruption. But this corse hath neither shrowd nor spice, sith these are to be seene in the tombe, and there is not a part in his body but had some helpe to further it to decay; and art thou not afraid to see him, yea to touch him, yea to embrace and carry him naked in thine armes?

If thou haddest remembred God's promise,

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that *His holy one should not see corruption:* If thou haddest beleeved that his godhead remaining with his body, could have preserved it from perishing, thy faith had been more worthy of praise, but thy love lesse worthy of admiration, sith the more corruptible thou diddest conceive him, the more combers thou diddest determine to overcome, and the greater was thy love in being able to conquer them. But thou wouldest have thought thy oyntments rather harmes than helpes, if thou hadst beene setled in that beleefe, and for so heavenly a corse embalmed with God, all earthly spices would have seemed a disgrace. If likewise thou haddest firmely trusted upon his resurrection, I should marvell at thy

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constant designement, sith all hazards in taking him should have beene with usury repaid, if lying in thy lappe, thou mightest have seene him revived, and his disfigured and dead body beautified in thine armes with a Divine Majesty. If thou haddest hoped so good fortune to thy watery eyes, that they might have beene first cleared with the beames of his desired light; or that his eyes might have blessed thee with the first fruits of his glorious lookes: If thou haddest imagined any likelihood to have made happy thy dying heart with taking in the first gaspes of his living breath, or to have heard the first words of his pleasing voyce: Finally, if thou haddest thought to have seene his injuries turned to ho-

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nours, the markes of his misery to ornaments of glory, and the debt of thy heavinesse to such an height of felicitie; whatsoever thou haddest done to obtaine him had beene but a mite for a million, and too slender a price for so soveraigne a peniworth.

But having no such hopes to uphold thee, and so many motives to plunge thee in despaire, how could thy love be so mighty, as neither to feele a woman's feare of so deformed a corse, nor to think the weight of the burthen too heavy for thy feeble armes, nor to be amated with a world of dangers that this attempt did carry with it?

But affection cannot feare whom it affecteth, love feeleth no load of him it loveth, neither can

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true friendship bee frighted from rescuing so affied a friend.

What meanest thou then, O comfort of her life, to leave so constant a wel-willer so long uncomforted, and to punish her so much, that so well deserveth pardon? Dally no longer with so knowne a love, which so many trials avouch most true. And sith shee is nothing but what it pleaseth thee, let her taste the benefit of being only thine. She did not follow the tide of thy better fortune to shift saile when the stream did alter course. She began not to love thee in thy life, to leave thee after death: Neither was shee such a guest at thy table that meant to be a stranger in thy necessity.

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She left thee not in the lowest ebbe, shee revolted not from thy last extremity: In thy life she served thee with her goods: in thy death shee departed not from the Crosse: after death shee came to dwell with thee at thy grave. Why then doest thou not say with Naomi, *Blessed be she of our Lord, because what curtesie shee afforded to the quicke, she hath also continued towards the dead.* A thing so much the more to be esteemed, in that it is most rare.

Doe not, sweet Lord, any longer delay her. Behold shee hath attended thee these three dayes, and shee hath not what to eat, nor wherewith to foster her famished soule, unlesse thou, by discovering thyselfe, doest minister unto her

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the bread of thy body, and feed her with the food that hath in it all taste of sweetnesse. If therefore thou wilt not have her to faint in the way, refresh her with that which her hunger requireth. For surely shee cannot long enjoy the life of her soule.

But feare not, Mary, for thy teares will obtaine. They are too mighty oratours to let any suit fall, and though they pleaded at the most rigorous barre, yet have they so perswading a silence, and so conquering a complaint, that by yeelding they overcome, and by intreating they command. They tye the tongues of all accusers, and soften the rigour of the severest judge. Yea, they winne the invincible, and bind the omni-

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potent. When they seeme most pitifull, they have great power, and being most forsaken they are more victorious. Repentant eyes are the cellars of angels, and penitent teares their sweetest wines; which the savour of life perfumeth, the taste of grace sweetneth, and the purest colours of returning innocency highly beautifieth. This dew of devotion never faileth, but the sunne of justice draweth it up, and upon what face soever it droppeth, it maketh it amiable in God's eye. For this water hath thy heart beene long a limbecke, sometimes distilling it out of the weeds of thy owne offences, with the fire of true contrition; sometimes out of the flowers of spirituall comforts, with the flames of contem-

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plation, and now out of the bitter hearbs of thy master's miseries, with the heart of a tender compassion.

This water hath better graced thy lookes, than thy former alluring glances. It hath setled worthier beauties in thy face, than all thy artificiall paintings. Yea, this only water hath quenched God's anger, qualified his justice, recovered his mercy, merited his love, purchassed his pardon, and brought forth the spring of all thy favours.

Thy teares were the procters for thy brother's life, the inviters of those angels for thy comfort, and the suters that shall bee rewarded with the first sight of thy revived Saviour. Rewarded they shall bee, but not refrained, altered in

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their cause, but their course continued. Heaven would weepe at the losse of so precious a water, and earth lament the absence of so fruitfull showers.

No, no, the angels must still bathe themselves in the pure streames of thine eyes, and thy face shall still bee set with this liquid pearle, that as out of thy teares were stroken the first sparks of thy Lord's love, so thy teares may bee the oyle to nourish and feed his fame.

Till death dam up the springs, they shall never cease running; and then shall thy soule be ferried in them to the harbour of life, that as by them it was first passed from sinne to grace, so in them it may bee wafted from grace to glory.

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In the meane time reare up thy fallen hopes, and gather confidence both of thy speedy comfort, and thy Lord's well being.

Iesus saith unto her, Marie; She turning, saith unto him, Rabboni.

O loving Master, thou diddest only deferre her consolation, to increase it, that the delight of thy presence might be so much the more welcome, in that through thy long absence it was with so little hope so much desired.

Thou wert content she should lay out for thee so many sighs, teares, and plaints, and diddest purposely adjourne the date of her payment, to requite the length of these delayes with a larger loan of joy. It may bee shee knew not her for-

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mer happinesse, till shee was weaned from it: nor had a right estimate in valuing the treasures, with which thy presence did enrich her, untill her extreme poverty taught her their unestimable rate. But now thou shewest by a sweet experience, that though shee payd thee with the dearest water of her eyes, with her best breath, and tenderest love, yet small was the price that shee bestowed in respect of the worth shee received. Shee sought the dead, and imprisoned in a stony jayle, and now shee findeth thee both alive, and at full liberty. Shee sought thee shrined in a shroud, more like a leper than thyselfe, left as the modell of the uttermost misery, and the only paterne of the bitterest unhappinesse; and now

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shee findeth thee invested in the robes of glory, the president of the highest, and both the owner and giver of all felicity.

And as all this while she hath sought without finding, wept without comfort, and called without answers: so now thou diddest satisfie her seeking with thy comming, her teares with thy triumph, and all her cryes with this one word, Mary. For when shee heard thee call her in thy wonted manner, and with thy usuall voyce, her only name issuing from thy mouth, wrought so strange an alteration in her, as if shee had beene wholly new made, when shee was only named. For whereas before the violence of her griefe had so benummed her, that her body seemed but

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the hearse of her dead heart, and the coffin of an unliving soule, and her whole presence but a representation of a double funerall, of thine and of her owne: now with this one word her senses are restored, her minde lightned, her heart quickned, and her soule revived.

But what marvell though with one word hee raise the dead spirits of his poore disciple, that with a word made the world, and even in this very word sheweth an omnipotent power?

Marie shee was called, as well in her bad as in her reformed estate, and both her good and evill was all of Marie's working. And as Marie signifieth no lesse what shee was, than what shee is; so is this one word, by his vertue that

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speaketh it, a repetition of all her miseries, an epitome of his mercies, and a memoriall of all her better fortunes. And therefore it laid so generall a discovery of herselfe before her eyes, that it awaked her most forgotten sorrowes, and mustered together the whole multitude of her joyes, and would have left the issue of their mutiny very doubtfull, but that the presence and notice of her highest happinesse decided the quarrell, and gave her joyes the victory.

For as hee was her only Sunne, whose going downe left nothing but a dumpish night of feare-full fancies, wherein no starre of hope shined, and the brightest planets were changed into dismall signes: so the serenity of his countenance,

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and authority of his word, brought a calme and well tempered day, that chasing away all darknesse, and dispersing the clouds of melancholy, cured the lethargy and brake the dead sleepe of her astonied senses.

She therefore ravished with his voyce, and impatient of delayes, taketh his talke out of his mouth, and to his first and yet only word answered but one other, calling him *Rabboni*, that is, master. And then sudden joy rowsing all other passions, shee could no more proceed in her owne, than give him leave to goe forward with his speech.

Love would have spoken, but feare inforced silence. Hope frameth the words, but doubt

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melteth them in the passage : and when her inward conceits served to come out, her voice trembled, her tongue faltered, her breath failed. In fine, teares issued in lieu of words, and deepe sighs instead of long sentences, the eyes supplying the tongue's default, and the heart pressing out the unsyllabled breath at once, which the conflict of her disagreeing passions would not suffer to bee sorted into the severall sounds of intelligible speeches.

For such is their estate that are sicke with a surfet of sudden joy, for the attaining of a thing vehemently desired. For as desire is ever ushered by hope, and waited on by feare, so is it credulous in entertaining conjectures, but hard in

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grounding a firme beleefe. And though it bee apt to admit the least shadow of wished comfort, yet the hotter the desire is to have it, the more perfect assurance it requireth for it: which so long as it wanteth the first newes or apparence of that which is in request, is rather an alarum to summon up all passions, than retreit to quiet the desire. For as hope presumeth the best, and inviteth joy to gratulate the good successe; so feare suspecteth it too good to bee true, and calleth up sorrow to bewaile the uncertainty. And while these enterchange objections and answers, sometimes feare falleth into despaire, and hope riseth into repining anger; and thus

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the skirmish still continueth, till evidence of proofe conclude the controversie.

Marie therefore though shee suddenly answered upon notice of his voyce, yet because the novelty was so strange, his person so changed, his presence so unexpected, and so many miracles laid at once before her amazed eyes, shee found a sedition in her thoughts, till more earnest viewing him exempted them from all doubt.

And then, though words would have broken out, and her heart sent into his duties that she ought him, yea, every thought striving to bee first uttered, and to have the first roome in his gracious hearing, shee was forced as an indifferent arbiter among them, to seale them up all under

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silence by suppressing speech, and to supply the want of words, with more significant actions. And therefore running to the haunt of her chiefest delights, and falling at his sacred feet, shee offered to bathe them with teares of joy, and to sanctifie her lips, with kissing his once grievous, but now most glorious wounds.

Shee stayed not for any more words, being now made blessed with the Word himselfe, thinking it a greater benefit at once to feed all her wishes, in the homage, honour, and embracing of his feet, than in the often hearing of his lesse comfortable talke.

For as the nature of love coveteth not only to be united, but if it were possible wholly trans-

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formed out of itselfe into the thing it loveth : so doth it most affect that which most uniteth, and preferreth the least conjunction before any distant contentment. And therefore to see him did not suffice her ; to heare him did not quiet her ; to speake with him was not enough for her ; and except shee might touch him, nothing could please her. But though shee humbly fell downe at his feet to kiss them, yet Christ did forbid her, saying : *Do not touch me, for I am not yet ascended to my Father.*

O Iesu, what mistery is in this ? Being dead in sinne, shee touched thy mortall feet that were to dye for her sake, and being now alive in grace, may shee not touch thy glorious feet, that are

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no lesse for her benefit revived? Shee was once admitted to anoint thy head, and is shee now unworthy of accesse to thy feet? Doest thou now command her from that for which thou wert wont to commend her, and by praising the deed didst move her often to doe it? Sith other women shall touch thee, why hath she a repulse? yea, sith shee herselfe shall touch thee hereafter, why is shee now rejected? What meanest thou, O Lord, by thus debarring her of so desired a duty? and sith among all thy disciples thou hast vouchsafed her such a prerogative, as to honour her eyes with thy first sight, and her eares with thy first words, why deniest thou the privilege of thy first embracing? if the

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multitude of her teares have won that favour for her eyes, and her longing to heare thee, so great a recompence to her eares, why doest thou not admit her hands to touch, and her mouth to kisse thy holy feet, sith the one with many plaints, and the other with their readinesse to all services, seemed to have earned no lesse reward. But notwithstanding all this, thou preventest the effect of her offer, with forbidding her to touch thee, as if thou haddest said :

O Mary, know the difference betweene a glorious and a mortall body, betweene the condition of a momentary, and of an eternall life. For sith the immortality of the body and the glory both of body and soule, are the endowments of

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an heavenly inhabitant, and the rights of another world, thinke not this favour to seeme here ordinarie, nor leave to touch me a common thing.

It were not so great a wonder to see the starres fall from their spheres, and the sunne forsake Heaven, and to come within the reach of a mortall arme, as for mee, that am not only a citizen, but the soveraigne of saints, and the sunne whose beames are the angels' blisse, to shew myselfe visible to the pilgrims of this world, and to display eternall beauties to corruptible eyes. Though I bee not yet ascended to my Father, I shall shortly ascend, and therefore measure not thy demeanour towards mee by the place where I am, but by that which is due

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unto mee: and then thou wilt rather with reverence fall downe afarre off, than with such familiaritie presume to touch mee. Doest thou not beleeve my former promises? Hast thou not a constant proofe by my present words? Are not thine eyes and eares sufficient testimonies, but that thou must also have thy hands and face witnesses of my presence? Touch mee not, O Marie, for if I doe deceive thy sight, or delude thy hearing, I can as easily beguile thy hand, and frustrate thy feeling. Or if I bee true in any one, beleeve mee in all, and embrace mee first in a firme faith, and then thou shalt touch mee with more worthy hands. It is now necessary to weane thee from the comfort of my externall

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presence, that thou mayest learne to lodge me in the secrets of thy heart, and teach thy thoughts to supply the offices of outward senses. For in this visible shape I am not here long to be seene, being shortly to ascend unto my Father: but what thine eye then seeth not, thy heart shall feele, and my silent parley will finde audience in thy inward eare. Yet if thou fearest lest my ascending should bee so sudden that if thou doest not now take thy leave of my feet with thy humble kisses and loving teares, thou shalt never finde the like opportunity againe, licence from thee that needlesse suspition. I am not yet ascended unto my Father, and for all such duties, there will bee a more convenient

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time. But now goe about that which requireth more haste, and runne to my brethren and informe them what I say, *That I will go before them into Galilee, there shall they see me.*

Marie therefore preferring her Lord's will before her owne wish, yet sorry that her will was worthy of no better event, departed from him like an hungrie infant pulled from the teat, or a thirstie hart chased from a sweet fountaine. Shee judged herselfe but an unluckie messenger of most joyfull tidings, being banished from her master's presence, to carrie newes of his resurrection. Alas (saith shee) and cannot others bee happy without my unhappinesse? or cannot their gaines come in, but through my losse? Must

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the dawning of their day bee the evening of mine, and my soule robbed of such a treasure to enrich their eares? O my heart, returne thou to enjoy him: why goest thou with mee that am inforced to goe from him? In mee, thou art but in prison, and in him is thy only paradise, I have buried thee long enough in former sorrowes, and yet now when thou wert halfe revived, I am constrained to carry thee from the spring of life. Alas, goe seeke to better thy life in some more happie breast, sith I, evill-deserving creature, am nothing different from that I was, but in having taken a taste of the highest delight, that the knowledge and want of it might drowne mee in the deepest miserie.

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Thus duty leading, and love withholding her, shee goeth as fast backward in thought, as forward in pace, ready eftsoones to faint for griefe, but that a firme hope to see him againe did support her weaknesse. Shee often turned towards the tombe to breathe, deeming the very ayre that came from the place where he stood to have taken vertue of his presence, and to have in it a refreshing force above the course of nature. Sometimes shee forgetteth herselfe, and love carrieth her in a golden distraction, making her to imagine, that her Lord is present, and then shee seemeth to demand him questions, and to heare his answers: shee dreameth that his feet are in her folded armes, and that hee giveth her soule

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a full repast of his comforts. But alas, when she commeth to herselfe, and findeth it but an illusion, shee is so much the more sorrie, in that the only imagination being so delightfull, shee was not worthy to enjoy the thing itselfe. And when shee passeth by those places where her master had beene: O stones (saith shee) how much more happie are you than I, most wretched caitiffe, sith to you was not denied the touch of those blessed feet, whereof my evill deserts have now made mee unworthy? Alas, what crime have I of late committed, that hath thus cancelled mee out of his good conceit, and estranged mee from his accustomed courtesie? Had I but a lease of his love for terme of his life? or did

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my interest in his feet expire with his decease, in them with my teares I writ my first supplication for mercy, which I pointed with sighs, folded up in my haire, and humbly sealed with the impression of my lips. They were the doores of my first entrance into his favour, by which I was graciously entertained in his heart, and admitted to doe homage unto his head, while it was yet a mortall mirrour of immortall majestie, an earthly seat of an heavenly wisedome, containing in man a God's felicity.

But alas, I must bee contented to beare a lower saile, and to take downe my desires to farre meaner hopes, sith former favours are now too high marks for me to aime at.

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O mine eyes, why are you so ambitious of heavenly honours? Hee is now too bright a sunne for so weake a sight: your lookes are limited to meaner light; you are the eyes of a bat, and not of an eagle; you must humble yourselves to the twilight of inferiour things, and measure your sights by your slender substance. Gaze not too much upon the blaze of eternitie, lest you lose yourselves in too much selfe-delight, and being too curious in sifting his Majestie, you bee in the end oppressed with his glorie. No, no, sith I am rejected from his feet, how can I otherwise presume, but that my want of faith hath dislodged me out of his heart, and throwne mee out of all possession of his minde

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and memorie. Yet why should I stoop to so base a feare? when want of faith was agrieved with want of all goodnesse, hee disdained not to accept mee for one of his number, and shall I now thinke that hee will for my faint beleefe so rigorously abandon mee? And is the sinceritie of my love, wherein he hath no partner, of so slender account, that it may not hope for some little sparke of his wonted mercie? I will not wrong him with so unjust a suspition, sith his appearing improveth it, his words overthrow it, his countenance doth disswade it, why then should I sucke so much sorrow out of so vaine a surmise?

Thus Marie's travelling fancies making long voyages in this short journey, and wavering be-

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tweene the joy of her vision, and the griefe of her deniall, entertained her in the way, and held her parley with such discourses as are incident unto mindes, in which neither hope is full master of the field, nor feare hath received an utter overthrow. But as shee was in this perplexed manner, now falling, now rising in her owne uncertainties, shee findeth on the way the other holy woman that first came with her to the grave, whom the angels had now assured of Christ's resurrection.

And as they passed all forward towards the disciples, *behold, Iesus met them, saying, All haile. But they came neere, and tooke hold of his feet, and worshipped him. Then Iesus*

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said unto them, Feare not. Goe tell my brethren that they goe into Galilee, there they shall see me.

O Lord, how profound are thy judgements, and unsearchable thy counsels? Doth her sorrow sit so neere thy heart, or thy repulse rebound with such regret by seeing her wounded love bleed so fast at her eyes, that thy late refusall must so soone bee requited with so free a grant? Is it thy pitie, or her change, which cannot allow that shee should any longer fast from her earnest longing?

But, O most milde physician, well knowest thou that thy sharpe corrosive with bitter smart angered her tender wound, which being rather

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caused by unwitting ignorance than wilfull errour, was as soone cured as knowne. And therefore thou quickly appliest a sweet lenitive to asswage her paine, that shee might acknowledge her forbidding rather a fatherly checke to her unsetled faith, than an austere rejecting her for her fault: and therefore thou admittest her to kisse thy feet, the two conduits of grace, and seales of our redemption, renewing her a charter of thy unchanged love, and accepting of her the vowed sacrifice of her sanctified soule.

And thus, gracious Lord! hast thou finished her feares, assured her hopes, fulfilled her desires, satisfied her loves, stinted her teares, perfected her joyes, and made the period of her expiring

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griefes, the preamble to her now entring and never-ending pleasures.

O how mercifull a father thou art to left orphanes, how easie a judge to repentant sinners, and how faithfull a friend to sincere lovers! It is undoubtedly true, that thou never leavest those that love thee, and thou lovest such as rest their affiance in thee. They shall finde thee liberall above desert, and bountifull beyond hope: a measure of thy gifts, not by their merits, but thine owne mercy.

O Christian soule, take Marie for thy mirrour, follow her affection, that like effects may follow thine. Learne, O sinfull man, of this once a sinfull woman, that sinners may finde Christ, if

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their sinnes bee amended. Learne that whom sinne loseth, love recovereth, whom faintnesse of faith chaseth away, firmenesse of hope recalleth; and that which no other mortall force, favour or policie can compasse, the continued teares of a constant love are able to attaine. Learne of Marie, for Christ to feare no encounters, out of Christ to desire no comforts, and with the love of Christ to over-rule the love of all things. Rise early in the morning of thy good motions, and let them not sleepe in sloth, when diligence may performe them. Runne with repentance to thy sinfull heart, which should have beene the temple, but through thy fault was no better than a tombe for Christ, sith having in

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thee no life to feele him, he seemed unto thee, as if hee had beene dead. Rowle away the stone of thy former hardnesse, remove all thy heavie loads that oppresse thee in sinne, and looke into thy soule, whether thou canst there finde the Lord. If hee bee not within thee, stand weeping without, and seeke him in other creatures, sith being present in all, hee may bee found in any. Let faith bee thine eye, hope thy guide, and love thy light. Seeke him and not his: for himselfe, and not for his gifts. If thy faith have found him in a cloud, let thy hope seeke to him. If hope have led thee to see him, let love seeke further into him. To move in thee a desire to finde, his goods are precious; and when hee is

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found, to keepe thee in a desire to seeke, his treasures are infinite. Absent, hee must bee sought to bee had; being had, hee must bee sought to bee more enjoyed. Seeke him truly, and no other for him. Seeke him purely, and no other thing with him. Seeke him only, and nothing besides him. And if at the first search hee appeare not, thinke it not much to persever in teares, and to continue thy seeking. Stand upon the earth, treading under thee all earthly vanities, and touching them with no more than the soles of thy feet, that is, with the lowest and least part of thy affection. To looke the better in the tombe, bow downe thy necke to the yoke of humilitie, and stoope from lofty and proud

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conceits, that with humbled and lowly lookes thou mayest finde whom swelling and haughtie thoughts have driven away. A submitted soule soonest winneth his returne, and the deeper it sinketh in a selfe-contempt, the higher it climeth in his highest favours. And if thou perceivest in the tombe of thy heart the presence of his two first messengers, that is, at the feet sorrow for the bad that is past, and at the head desire to a better that is to come, entertaine them with sighs, and welcome them with penitent teares: yet reckoning them but as harbingers of thy Lord, cease not thy seeking till thou findest himselfe. And if hee vouchsafe thee his glorious sight, offering himselfe to thy inward eyes,

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presume not of thyselfe to bee able to know him, but as his unworthy suppliant prostrate thy petitions unto him, that thou mayst truly discerne him, and faithfully serve him. Thus preparing thee with diligence, comming with speed, standing with high lifted hopes, and stooping with inclined heart, if with Mary thou cravest no other solace of Iesus but Iesus himselfe, he will answer thy teares with his presence, and assure thee of his presence with his owne words, that having seene him thyselfe, thou mayest make him knowne to others, saying with Mary, *I have seene our Lord, and these things he said unto me.*

LAVS DEO.

FINIS.

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